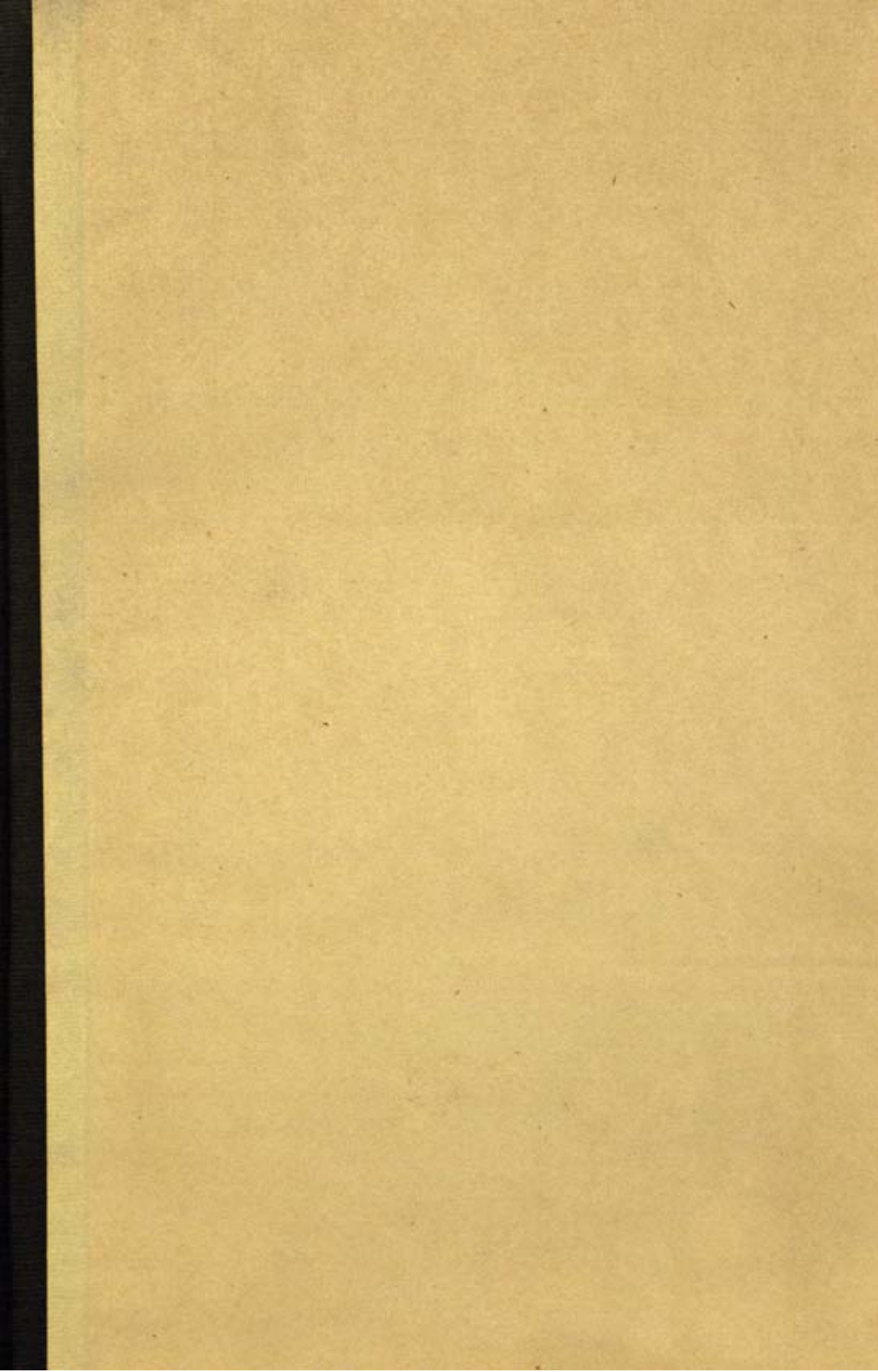


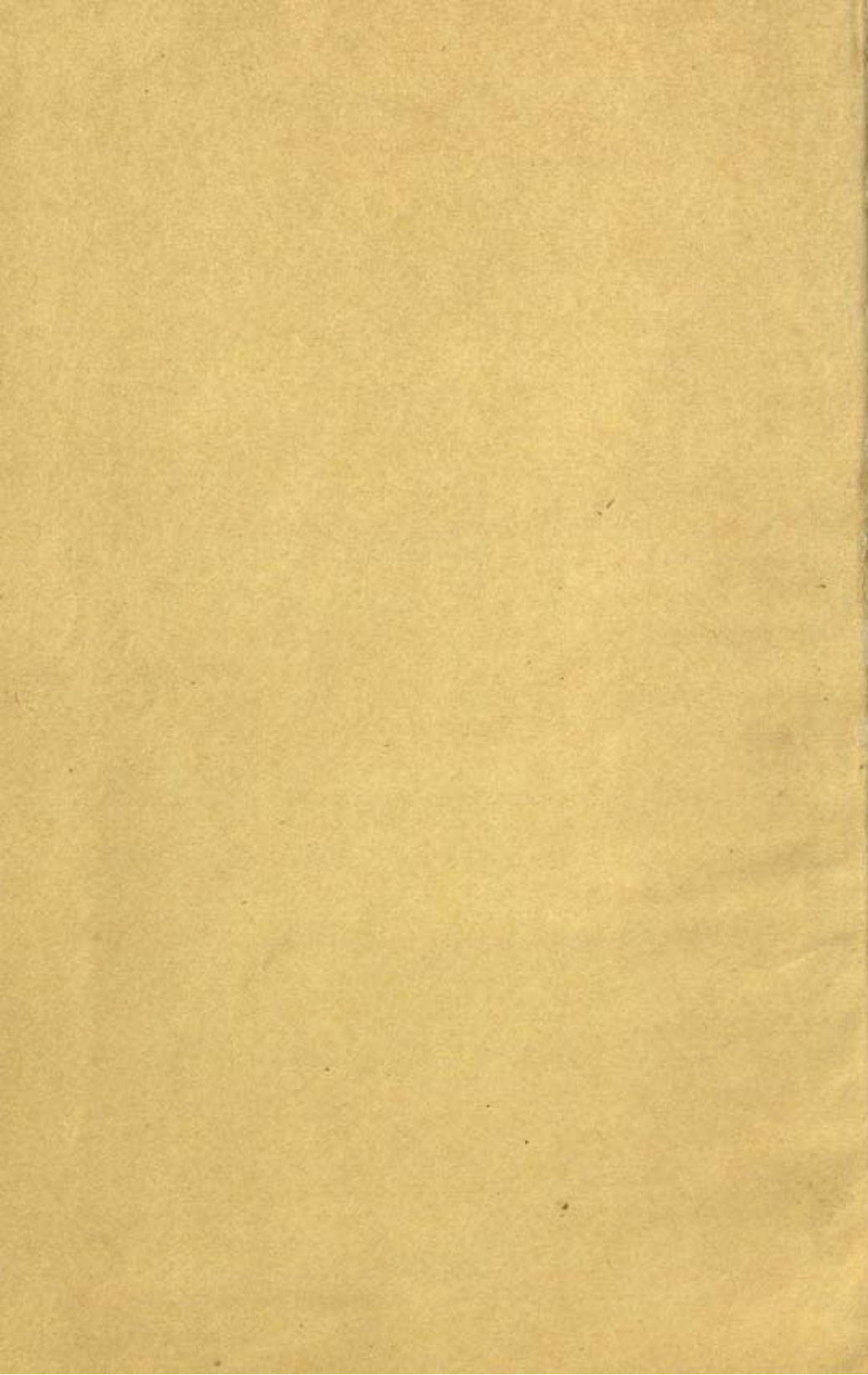
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SNOW BALLS  
OF GARHWAL

By

N. S. Bhandari

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Lucknow, 1946.



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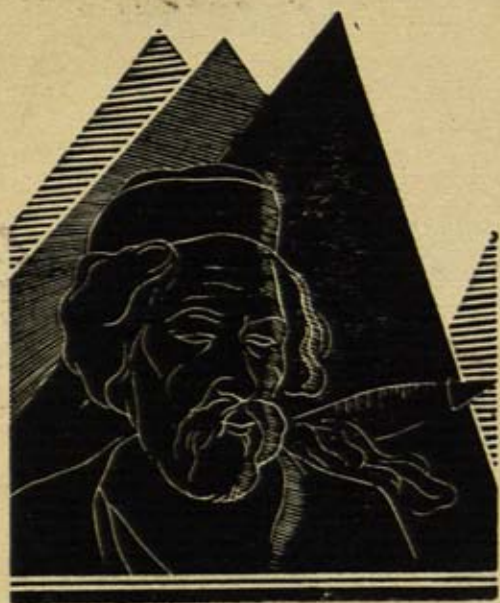
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# (Folk-Culture Series)

Edited by D. N. MAJUMDAR

Lino-cuts by L. M. SEN



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# THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF  
HIS MOST EXCELLENT  
Majesty  
CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY  
JAMES HARRISON

1650

LONDON: Printed by J. HARRISON, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1650.

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## THE MALAISE OF CULTURE

About a year ago, a handful of young postgraduate students of Lucknow University met in the Anthropology Laboratory to discuss the possibility of starting an Ethnographic and Folk Culture Society for northern India. They were all students of anthropology and were deeply interested in the study of cultures. A plan was drawn up and the Society was born in obscurity. It held a number of meetings and symposia and gradually attracted notice till the meetings began to be well attended and eagerly awaited by those interested in the Society.

The birth of a cultural society like the one of ours is an event of more than passing interest as the study of ethnology and ethnography which include folkculture as well, has not yet received recognition in most of the Indian Universities and has not filtered into the curricula of University courses in northern India. A limping attempt has been made at Lucknow by including anthropology as a part of the study of economics and sociology, a procedure which on the face of it must be regarded as of doubtful expediency. Yet science today owns no frontiers and the deeper we go into the details of a discipline, the more we are likely to find out its ramifications which are vital to its existence and functioning. Gone perhaps are the days when economics was regarded as the dismal science of wealth. It is today the science as well as the art of social life, of social welfare. The roots of our wants, of our wealth-getting and wealth-spending habits must be sought in the traditional patterns of culture, in customs and mores of the people and a knowledge of the



latter is to be regarded as indispensable for a proper evaluation of the role of economics in social life.

In examining the economic organisation of many primitive societies and in assessing the function of the various economic activities therein, we find how the economic motives represented in economic 'lores', for example, determine economic behaviour and how traditional patterns of life sanction economic mores. The life long chain of reciprocity and mutuality of obligations displayed, for example, by the Melanesian society in the organisation and functioning of the 'kula' system, the diverse customs and practices, 'folkways and mores' which define the limits of individual freedom and social lapses, the system of land tenure defined by the cultural stage of particular social groups, the springs of social behaviour as for example, the entertainment of the guest at any part of the day or night among the north American Indians which make it a social etiquette for them not to question the propriety or otherwise of appropriation by guests of the valuables belonging to the host, or the tacitly recognised obligation among some of the polyandrous tribes of the cis-Himalayas to provide the comforts of a home and the sexual rights over their own women to those of their guests who may not have scruples in the matter, all tend to show how the various cultural activities are inter-related and form elements of a smoothly functioning organisation, the efficiency of which determines the strength and survival of social groups.

The political life of a people, the various manifestations of political maladjustment, the attitudes that we develop towards institutions indigenous and imported, the role of leadership and the qualities that are regarded as indispensable for it, their meaning and fulfilment are deeply rooted in the pattern of cultures the people own, so that a proper understanding of all these is necessary in the interest of cultural progress and cultural dynamics. The tribal



organisations of most of the primitive tribes in India show unmistakable signs of alien influence. Under the ancient Indian political system or the Indo-Aryan system in Vedic times the primitive tribes were more or less free to live their accustomed life in the forests and hidden recesses of hills, they were free to try their indigenous patterns of control and government and pursue their crude and self-sufficient tribal economy as gleaners and collectors, hunters or shepherds. With the spread of the 'plough' cultivation possibly after the Indo-Aryan invasion of northern India, the conquering kings contacted the aboriginal and semi-aboriginal tribes by friendly overtures even offering to marry the daughters of tribal chiefs, and their supporters became the wardens and forest guards, helpers and willing collaborators. The latter very often stood on equal status with the conquering hordes and were saved from being yoked to slavery or serfdom or from unequal competition with their richly endowed allies.

The pattern of economic life that was worked out in Buddhist times, could absorb the various tribal groups into economic partnership, commensal or symbiotic, with their more advanced compatriots so that there was little disintegration of tribal cultures. Islam also did not interfere with tribal life or its cultural moorings, for the urban civilisation that it encouraged had no need for the aboriginal elements and when converts were made from them, the social status conceded to them more than compensated for consequent detribalisation that was inevitable. It is only the contacts with European or quasi-European cultures which led to discomforts among the tribal people, even to depopulation in their ranks. Cultural contacts signify partial activity in relation to the total of which it is a part. As Prof. Malinowski has said, 'we do not bring civilisation as a whole to the natives' and the fragments that we do bring are distorted or blended in the process. It is due



to the 'fragmental contacts' maloriented in their setting, aggravated in some parts of India by unchecked missionary efforts, that the primitive tribes have learnt to despise themselves, their religion and even their tribal systems. The general influence of such contacts has, however, been more or less selective, yet the extent of damage to the already disintegrating social structure in tribal society has been serious and in some cases irreparable. We might illustrate this by concrete examples.

The freedom of movement characteristic of tribal life which makes no distinction between the sexes has often landed the tribes into abysmal depths of misery and vice. The tribal latitude in sex life has attracted cunning and wicked aliens who have misused their economic status to wreck hearths and homes. These problems, however tragic, which the tribal elders were competent to face and decide on their merit are insignificant compared with those brought about by the war. Contacts with the Indian army and the allied forces, the duration of which has been long enough to work permanent changes in the outlook and personality of the people both men and women, have shattered the sanctity of tribal life, also have shifted the economic basis of tribal cultures from one of self-sufficiency to that of competition. The conservatism and inertia of tribal cultures have yielded to new and revolutionary attitudes to life and the morality of tribal life has suffered in consequence.

In a recent tour of a district in Chotanagpur which has provided ninety percent of Christian converts in the province of Bihar, we saw how the distinction of language and culture between the various tribes is being obliterated by contacts and how the tribal society is struggling hard to maintain social order. Arid trees and meandering streams which harboured countless clans are today humming with life. The primitive tribes who nestled in comfort in these parts have now come in contact with men and machines and are



being forced out of their seclusion. The consequence of this economic transition in the tribal areas is not difficult to foresee. In all parts of Chotanagpur female labour is abundant. The womenfolk go to work for the family while men idle at home. The free and unfettered life of the women has encouraged them to seek various jobs which the ubiquitous contractors have in plenty. Those with some schooling in Mission schools are being recruited for clerical jobs in the towns. The village dormitory so long provided a centre for tribal schooling. The captain of the dormitory was an influential person who looked after the morals of the boys, and girls of the village were looked after by an elderly duenna who usually shared the same roof as the girls. Lessons in tribal etiquette, in cooperation, economic pursuits, in sex matters were all imparted in the dormitory and residence in it for a period used to equip the youth of both sexes with all the knowledge necessary for a successful domestic life. The compulsory affiliation of all tribal girls and boys to the village dormitory indirectly put a stop to clandestine or open intrigues with people of alien castes and creed and tribal endogamy was considered a sacred obligation by the tribal youth.

The need for labour under new conditions has disintegrated many of the indigenous institutions of tribal cultures and the dormitories and the tribal elders no longer prove effective in controlling the movements of the tribal youth. Declared an old patriarch of a village, 'our girls are gone, they do not return home at night and the boys pine for them'. 'Do not worry father' said a young maiden in my presence, 'I shall fetch you clothes and sweets but do not be peevish' and she touched the cheeks of her aged father asking him not to bandy words; "no! no! mum!" beckoned she in the fashion of a skilled society girl. Mothers wait for their daughters' return for days and weeks often, and no news of them can be had. One day a lorry stops



by the way side, girls get down giggling, enter their home with sweets and trinkets and money which silence criticism.

Premarital license was so long confined to the tribe and when a girl misbehaved she was married to the young-man responsible or to some other young man of the tribe for consideration. But today, children are being born in hospitals, cared for by philanthropic agencies and the girls need not learn to behave. The tribal traditions, customs and practices, festivals and ceremonies all have lost their urge and sanctity. It is therefore not surprising to find batches of young boys and girls daily lining up the railway tracks, singing 'Humpty Dumpty', of his great fall and how, all the King's men and all the King's horses could not put Humpty together again. No longer do we hear the hymns and songs in praise of the rain god which boys and girls usually sang during the summer and invoked him to shower his blessings on the sun parched fields or to pour water into their tanks and wells. No longer is it customary for the householder to sprinkle water on nude children as a magical device to bring down rains, a sight even today familiar in many parts of northern India.

The changes that have occurred among tribes of the north eastern frontier of India, are said to be due to the activities of the Christian missions. While this is largely true, we find in most of the villages during the last few years, a transfer of influence has taken place from the tribal village authority to a new class of people whose status and influence are directly due to their adoption of money economy in place of a moneyless system. Elsewhere I have mentioned about the effects of a shift from a moneyless economy to a money dominated one, (*A Tribe in Transition*, Longmans 1937), and how tribal authority is shifting from the hereditary headman to those with money they have acquired either by substituting a money crop for a food crop or by



acquiring it in mining centres or in factories where they have been induced to work in the off season or have been attracted by higher wages. A new social authority has arisen in tribal villages whose contacts with the outside world and the cash earnings which they have saved to spend among their own people have raised them in the estimation of their own kith and kin and they find their advice much sought after and their opinions greatly valued. Before the war casual labourers and plantation coolies, particularly their leaders used to come with a limited amount of money they could save while serving outside, and spent the amount within the period of their leave and as soon they ran short of cash they left their village and migrated to their place of work. These no doubt brought with them some new ideas of material comforts and advanced outlook but they could not have any enduring influence on the people. The war has poured untold wealth in tribal areas, particularly in the frontier villages through inflation and high prices and the cash reward for labour done in war work. The result of contacts with a quasi-European culture among the hill tribes of Assam was poignantly described by Prof. J. H. Hutton in a recent address before the Royal Anthropological Institute, London (1945). "I have before me as I speak", writes Prof. Hutton "a pink and white folding card embellished with an embossed butterfly and printed in gold announcing that Mrs. Minneli earnestly requests the pleasure of the presence of A. B. at the wedding of her second daughter at the Lazami Church at 2 p.m. on Saturday the 24th July, 1943, and thereafter at a reception at the residence of the bride and the bridegroom. To one who knows the village of Lazami with its collection of thatched huts of bamboo wattle innocent of any water supply other than the village spring or of any form of sanitation other than that provided by the village pigs, there is something more than faintly incongruous about this rather pretentious



gold printed invitation, but it is significant of the times and of the changes that have been taking place, however we dislike them in these remote hill areas". Such changes are becoming symptomatic of tribal life everywhere.

Wherever missionary influence has been long and durable Christian ideas have disintegrated tribal life and destroyed tribal values. Writing about the African people, Graham and Piddington referred to the marital code among the African people. The marked increase, for example, of sexual immorality and premarital pregnancy under European influence they trace to various factors. 'The general breakdown of tribal codes, and particularly the decay of initiation ceremonies, has led to a weakening in moral attitude towards premarital pregnancy, reflected in the abandonment of infanticide previously connected with it and of the songs of mockery which discouraged premarital intercourse; school education has produced emancipation from tribal tradition among the younger generation: attacks on polygamy by the Dutch Reformed Church and the imposition of a Government tax on polygamists has led directly to concubinage; the absence of large number of adult males at European centres of employment has produced a surplus of women, and native desire to maintain population, correlated with the ideal of 'raising up seed' makes this a situation conducive to immorality, the need for utilising the child bearing potentialities of the women is even cited as justification by Church members who surreptitiously keep concubines, marriage tends to be less by parental arrangement correlated with the payment of brideprice and more by courtship, consequently parents have lost interest in and control over the morals of their children" (Anthrop. Museum, Aberdeen, pamphlet.)

What has happened in Africa is not peculiar to that country alone. The depth of demoralization that one finds in tribal society to-day is at once a pointer and warning of



what a policy of *laissez faire* with regard to tribal society in India has resulted into. So far as the Nagas are concerned, we are told by the Government of the country that everything the Nagas have lost as a result of the recent warfare, will be restored to them in recognition of the service the Nagas have rendered in the cause of the country's safety. These include rebuilding of their houses (in one district, 12000 houses were destroyed by Japanese action) compensation for their loss of crops and similar measures for economic rehabilitation. But mere economic rehabilitation which was considered enough in earlier times, would not solve the problem of the Nagas or of any other aboriginal tribe. What is needed today is a planned social economy for the tribal people in which purposeful attacks on the various cultural fronts must be organised, of course with the acquiescence of tribal societies, so that the tribal people may feel themselves as part of the greater culture represented by the castes, exterior and interior. A philosophy of segregation of tribal society has been advanced by some people which if conceded, will perpetuate tribal discomforts, agrestic serfdom and shameless exploitation of tribal life and labour.

While such is the case with the general cultural life in tribal society today, it is no wonder that a complete reorientation of outlook has taken place with respect to the folk aspects of their culture. Folk-songs, folk-art, folk-ways and mores represent in some form the mechanism of cultural control. Every society finds sanction for its social activities, ceremonies and festivals in a rich store of folk-songs, folk-lore and in proverbs and myths which channel tribal education according to the pattern of the society concerned. The spontaneous submission to established code of conduct in tribal society rules out individual aberrations so much so that some anthropologists find the primitive man even slavish in his compliance with the tribal code of behaviour,

yet it has conserved tribal values and has helped survival of tribes who otherwise would have been swept off their feet by contacts and clash of cultures. What more is necessary, for example, to preserve social order and prevent incestuous relations between blood relations than the following song sung in the fields and forests of Chattisgarh collected by Prof. S. C. Dube of Hislop College, Nagpur, whose rich collection of folk songs we are publishing in the second volume of the present series.

'An ugly wretch was he (the father)  
And she a handsome maiden (the daughter)  
The two lived alone,  
The old man cast his lustful eyes on her  
And when the fiery finger touched him,  
He caught her breast, and body and youth  
They lived secretly, and then openly they lived  
As man and woman, as wife and husband.

For sometime it was calm,  
But then came the great rains, the thunder  
and storm

Then suddenly the rains stopped,  
The whole year was dry  
The *Dahi* failed  
Animals left the forest  
No fish was there in the ponds and pools  
Edible roots too were scarce  
One sin of the old wretch and the lusty girl  
And such was the penalty.

Again how the solicitude of the tribal society is expressed in the following song sung by the Hos of Kolhan:



Our vessel is of gold  
Our vessel is of silver  
Sister, dear! do not fill it  
With yonder muddy water.

There are over thirty million primitive tribes in India. There are about fifty million 'scheduled' 'backward', 'depressed', 'exterior' castes some of whom have had tribal origin. We have not yet done justice to the scheduled castes but they are promising to be sufficiently vocal to receive greater consideration even if the redress they claim be confined to the political field. The thirty million primitive tribes are scattered over hills and forests, and their isolation and remoteness from one another have precluded any possibility of organisation or united action by them. Many even do not know how they live, and what their discomforts are. In many parts of Oceania, the primitive tribes are fast dying out. The native races in Africa and America are not faring better and depopulation in their ranks has assumed serious proportions. The tribal population in India has not thinned out as in other parts but there has been considerable detribalisation among them. Along with the detribalisation that is in process, the rich cultural heritage of the people is also disappearing, and it is high time that we take to study the cultures of these tribes and through such studies help them to survive. The criminal tribes who number more than two million souls and scattered all over northern India are fine specimens of humanity, their courage, strength and resourcefulness, their tribal organisation, particularly the efficient *Panchayat* system and the schemes of crime insurance that they have worked out, mention of which has already been made in an earlier publication (*Fortunes of Primitive Tribes* 1945) are worth careful research and handling. It is only through meticulous research in crime culture that we can understand these tribes



and can wean them away from crime, and thus remove a blot on our culture. Nowhere has crime been proved to be hereditary and in absence of any knowledge we have branded two million people as criminals, birth determining their affiliation to crime and even their criminal status.

Lord Raglan once said that 'we cannot become civilised unless we are all civilised.' I think this applies more to India than anywhere else. With ninety million primitive and backward tribes and castes, we cannot be called 'civilised' and the time has come when we should know more about these people, understand them, and help to raise them from the stagnation and squalor in which for centuries they have been mired.

When we look into the volume of literature on these tribes and castes we find that the contribution of Indian writers is monstrously small, most of the work has been done by European scholars, by the administrative officers and missionaries. Yet the wants of a district magistrate or of a missionary cannot be the same as those of a scientist. The handicap of a foreigner who has to work through interpreters is obvious as we have learnt with regret in the writings of a Dubois, a Miss Mayo or of a Beverley Nichols. Besides, lack of direct contact with primitive and backward people on the part of European authors has often led to inaccurate statements, or partial appraisal of tribal problems. That is how some of these authors have presented primitive cultures in colourful garb, emphasising peculiar customs and practices often divorced from their contexts, or even exaggerating some aspect of life like sex to attract a particular type of custom, profusely illustrating with nude pictures. The disservice that has been done to the tribes, by purposeful exposure of partial or half truths about tribal life in India, in the name of science sometimes, can not be fully measured today as the voiceless millions who have been wronged



do not even know what has been written about them. Indian students of anthropology must not forget their responsibility in the matter. Only a scientific study of primitive cultures will equip them with the necessary knowledge to tackle problems of cultural rehabilitation. While this is painfully true of some writers, it cannot be said about many. The life long efforts of scholars like Prof. J. H. Hutton and J. P. Mills, who knew the people they wrote about, who spoke the dialects of those whom they described, have resulted in a number of first class monographs on the tribes of Assam which are worthy of the highest praise and Indian anthropologists would profit by emulating their examples. What is needed is a scientific attitude in the investigator which will transcend bias and prejudices and make such descriptions of tribal life and culture free from sensationalism on the one hand and opportunism on the other. It is, I think, by scientific evaluation of primitive and backward cultures that we can help the social groups as well as those in whose hands has devolved the power to do good to them.

The need therefore of studying the customs and practices of the 90 million Indians if not of all communities, cannot be too highly exaggerated, and the folk culture series is planned to put before the intelligent public, the results of such efforts. It is impossible for a society like ours to finance such enquiries but our aim is to do so, and any encouragement in this venture from the administration or from the public will be welcome.

I should not end this note without recording our grateful thanks to Mr. L. M. Sen, Principal, Government School of Arts and Crafts, Lucknow, who has taken a keen interest in the publication and has contributed the rich line cuts which have certainly added colour to the volume. Our thanks are also due to all those who have encouraged us in our venture some of whom have later on joined as office



bearers of the Society. Our Assistant Secretary, Mr. D. P. Bahuguna deserves all the honours for the functioning of the Society. We invite suggestions, help, contributions and communications from our readers and friends, which we shall appreciate and acknowledge.

*Lucknow University*  
*Lucknow*

D. N. Majumdar,

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## INDIAN FOLKLORE

*By Sir Sitaram*

A nation lives in the cottages and not in mansions. This is so not only because of the huge mass of persons living in the former as contrasted with the few living in the latter, but it is also due to the unsophisticated nature of the former, not corrupted or influenced by the so-called modernism. It is therefore in the folk-lore, that is in songs and stories that are current among the masses living in the countryside or the so-called slums of towns that we generally find an expression of their genius, their desires, their aspirations, their emotions and their thoughts.

The struggle for existence is daily becoming more and more acute and the Western impact on life is getting more and more violent. It is feared that we may lose in this struggle some of the sweetest and noblest of our folklore. Every nation with a history and a tradition behind it has its own characteristic folk-lore. India has her folklore prevailing in the different parts of the country. They are good clues to the customs prevailing in that side or in that particular sect or community. Those who migrate from one part of the country to another carry their own folklore with them; their own music, their own dances, their own stories etc. It is very instructive to move among them. Those who do so derive both benefit and pleasure and are amply repaid for the pains taken by them.

Unfortunately, these folklores are recorded nowhere and I am afraid that much of these have already been lost. Some good men, it is true, have done their bit in the direction of recording them and preserving them, but theirs is only an individual effort. An organised effort is called for urgently.

It is human to break into a song or something rhythmical when one has to relieve the burden of one's life or to lighten the effect of hard work. While visiting a jail some



time ago, I was filled with a sort of rapture at some melody proceeding from a long term prisoner making a carpet. He and one of his assistants were adjusting various colours at various places and this prisoner gave his instructions to his assistants in sweet, musical formula accompanied by his own movements. A farmer drawing water from the wells early in the morning, a sweeper sweeping the streets on an early, chilly morning when others are cosy in their beds, labourers lifting a heavy weight, pass their time to the accompaniment of songs appropriate to the occasions and at times pregnant with thoughts. Women who gather for taking water at a common well use the place not only as a sort of a club for spinning out stories but at times indulge in soft music. People going to fairs, specially women, fill the air with their devotional songs or songs based on mythology. On the occasion of child-birth, marriage and in fact, on all festive occasions you hear sweet sonorous songs. Our women are the best to preserve and to conserve. Here are a few lines sung on the occasion of the wedding of a girl.

(1) "दादी बोई है, नानी बोई है, सुहागों की क्या रियाँ  
बीबी सींचेगी, अम्माँ ( ताई, दादी, नानी ) सींचेगे, लोटा भर मारियाँ  
दादी सींचेगी, बीबी बोएगी, सुहागों की क्या रियाँ"

(2) "जुग जुग जियो जी सूबस बसो जी मेरी लाडो का सुहाग जी  
दूधो नहाओ जी पूतो फलो जी मेरी लाडो का सुहाग"

(1) The assemblage of women is wishing for the maiden a long and happy married life like her elders'. She is supposed to be sowing and the elders irrigating in the fields of matrimony and vice-versa.

(2) May my darling have with her husband a long and happy life. May she bathe in milk and prosper with her husband in posterity.

Again, a maiden to be married is asked to say what sort



of husband she would want and what sort of relations in her future married life and she says.

मैं तो बर मांगों भगवान, देवर छोटे लक्ष्मण से,  
कौशल्या सी सास समुर राजा दशरथ से,  
मैं तो माँगू अयोध्या का राज पलंग बैठी हुकम करूँ ।

She asks for a husband like Rama, the husband's younger brother like Laxman, the father-in-law like Dashratha and mother-in-law like Kaushalya and she asks for the magnificence of Ayodhya. A comment on this is superfluous. How sweet, how genuine and how emotional—all based on the genius and tradition of the race.

When a woman, younger in relation, salutes a woman who is senior to her, the former falls to the feet of the latter, called "पैरों पड़ना". Just hear the blessings given by the senior on the occasion. बूढ़ सुहागिन, सेलसपूती सात पूत की माँ हो

(May your husband live a long life, may you have good sons of character and may they be seven in number). When an unmarried boy salutes an elderly lady, what is the blessing he gets? 'चिर चिर जीव, सोने के चूहे ब्याह हो' (May you live long and may you be prosperous enough to marry a rich girl. I am tempted to quote a few lines of three such songs, true to life as they are. Some of them describe the peculiarity of the twelve months of the year and are called the 'बारह मासा' !

(1) लगा सावन, बजा मारु नगारा, साजन बिन किस तरह होगा गुजारा

Martial drums have started beating with the commencement of Savan. How can I get on without my husband.

(2) अरे दादुर, तुम्हें क्या बैर मेरा, मुम्हें सुख नींद सोने दे,  
तुम्हें रस्ता बहुतेरा

Why, O toad, this hostility with me : let me sleep in



peace, your path is wide enough.

(3) रानी सुनेगी सीस देमारे, तो रोय उठे सारी नगरी  
बैरन तूने काढ़ दियारी, मुत को मेरे ताना दियारी  
मुझको बनवास दियारी

(Dhruva's mother is complaining against his step-mother; he is said to have been provoked to go in exile by the taunt of the step-mother, thus causing grief to the people and the real mother).

I have had the occasion to hear some stories inspiring devotion or stirring heroism—stories which even when reproduced in a book form will not lose their eminence and value. I refrain from giving these but I should like to end, as all life does, with a few notes of mournful ditty which is both sober and sombre. Some of the words in this are changed according to the age and sex of the deceased or according as he or she has died married or unmarried with or without issues and according to the relationship of the mourner to the one who has been called away. For example, here are the words.

रोंडा लादा है मेरी बन्नो (लागे) ने दूर का बन्नो तैने कहाँ बसाई रैन  
रैनों का क्या.....घर न हुआ यह बन्नो का

It may be said that I am a bit crazy. But I feel rather strongly, being somewhat of an antiquarian. Along with the collection of folklore the few cheap prescriptions used effectively by elderly among us in ordinary ailments or as first-aid should be preserved. They suit the pockets of the people and come very handy in the absence of medical relief.

# SANTAL MARRIAGE SONGS

*By W. G. Archer*

## I

Crow, why are you calling  
Why are you mourning from the tree?  
Crow, you are calling for a dead one  
You are wailing  
Weeping for the dead.

## II

Jugi, do not play the violin in our courtyard  
Do not twang the mandolin  
My father and mother  
Are flaming hornets  
My brothers  
Are hornets like a flame.

## III

It was you who said  
We shall make money if we marry  
But if my girl had stayed  
We would have had our leaves for curry.

## IV

You are a drummer  
I am a dancer  
Do not play your drum too well  
Your mother and father  
Are standing by  
Your juri  
Is watching from a window.



## V

On the bank of the river  
The cowherds flaunt their clothes  
I saw their long dhoties  
And my pitcher slipped and broke.

## VI

I am on this side  
You are over the river  
You flutter your eyebrows at me  
Had there been words between us  
I might have smiled at you.

## VII

Girl you went for water in the morning  
But the noon came  
The afternoon dragged on  
Below the pond  
Under the leaves of lotus  
Milk tree  
I was resting and forgot

## VIII

Oh you teacher girl  
How far are you going  
Under the three tamarinds  
The two bar trees  
The white mountain is shrouded  
I will spread a handkerchief  
And read a book.

## IX

We were friends of one stool  
We were 'one chair lovers'

But our love was only care  
Take up our love  
Wrap it in this letter  
And float it slowly down.

## X

Leaning by the eaves  
Why do you weep?  
Our love has altered  
Oh, do not cry  
Saying my name  
Again and again

## XI

O my flower  
They are taking you  
To an upper country  
They are bearing you away  
To a lower land  
Flower I shall never  
See you again  
But our eyes  
Will meet in a mirror.

## XII

Girl, come and take your food  
Your marriage time has come  
From long ago I asked  
Which friend was in the cowshed  
And father, father  
I did not agree

## XIII

I am mounting the basket  
and you stand with a sad heart



Come down  
If you have any love or pity.

## XIV

Slim as the mountain grass I grew  
But as I grew  
I left behind my joy.

## XV

The mustard in the field  
Was scattered and came up  
The grass sprouted  
But my lover never grew.

## XVI

In our courtyard  
Is a sweet tamarind  
Its branches are large  
Its flowers are white and red  
Its fruits hang in clusters.

## XVII

To eat figs  
You took me to a strange forest  
We have eaten figs  
We have come back  
I could not think  
You would not keep me.<sup>1</sup>

1. Collected in the Santal Parganas, Bihar. The originals are printed as Nos. 1711, 1714, 1739, 1756, 1783, 1784, 1792, 1798, 1807, 1810, 1836, 2007, 2045, 2082, 2144, 2387 and 2351 in G. G. Soren and W. G. Archer *Don Soren* (Dumka, 1944).

# THE FOLK-SONGS OF DANGI BHILS

*By D. P. Khanapurkar*

To the north-east of Bombay, in the southern portion of Gujarat, lies the wild and hilly tract, called Dangs. Dangs contains fourteen petty States. Thirteen of them belong to Bhil Chiefs. According to Wilson, the auothor of 'Aboriginal Tribes of Bombay Presidency', the most savage of the Bhil clans are Dangis, the Bhillas of Dang.<sup>1</sup> He is supported by Capt. Graham, in his booklet called, 'The Bheel tribes of Khandesh.' Capt. Graham refers to Dangi Bhils as the most uncivilised of all the wild tribes.<sup>2</sup> But these savage and uncivilised Dangi Bhils represent the unadulterated race, according to H. B. Rowney.<sup>3</sup>

Like all the present aboriginal races of the world, Dangi Bhils have not escaped from the influence of civilisation. Yet, like their old ancestors, they are fond of dancing and singing. They spend most of the moon-lit nights, dancing to the tune of 'Kahali' and 'Tur.' Women take part with men, and it is a grand sight to see them dance, keeping tune to the music with a double shuffle, bending backwards and forwards, wheeling round the players in an irregular circle. Next to the music of dancing stands the music of songs in the esteem of the Bhils. Generally it is left to women to sing most of the songs. But on particular occasions like 'Thakarya' dance, the men resort to singing songs to their hearts' content.

Bhil women display not only delight, but also pride in singing songs at the time of marriage. Besides marriage occasions, they spend their leisure time by singing aloud to their eager companions and by humming tunes while alone.

1. Wilson: The Aboriginal Tribes of Bombay Presidency. P. 83

2. Capt. Graham: The Bheel Tribes of Khandesh P. 8

3. H. B. Rowney: The Wild Tribes of India P. 23



Most of the marriage songs refer to the bride, the bridegroom and their relatives. Some express the aspirations of the bride, to have certain types of ornaments. But all these songs are not without sense of humour. At times, especially when referring to Government officials, the songs display conscious sarcasm.

Besides the alluring sounds of refrains and words, the songs transport the hearer to the situation described therein. The hearer is not only made to feel it, but is made an eye-witness to it, so realistic is the air of the songs. Besides these light songs, there are serious songs, like ballads. These ballads describe the acts of valour of Bhil out-laws of former times. They are sung with ardent fervour and zeal, the hearers listening to these deeds of glory with rapt attention.

Below are given a few specimen songs, which are current among the Bhils of Dangs :

Do beat the drum  
 Let somebody beat the drum  
 Tie the rupee of queen to your cloth  
 We shall walk a couple of miles  
 We shall wed the daughter of big men  
 Beat the drum  
 Let some body beat the drum  
 In the house of Ambadya' the *pipal* tree makes a  
                   rustling noise  
 Go and tell your parents to build a bungalow  
 Whom does it become? It becomes officers.  
 In the house of Ambadya the *pipal* tree makes a  
                   rustling noise  
 Tell the younger sister to move up,  
 Whom does it become? It becomes chiefs.

1. 'Ambadya' is the clan-name of a family.

In the house of Ambadya, the *pipal* tree makes a rustling noise

Tell the royal chief to decorate the town

Whom does it become? It becomes big officials

In the house of Ambadya the *pipal* tree makes a rustling noise

Tell the chief to get ready 'Kahali' flute

Whom does it become? It becomes rich persons

In the house of Ambadya, the *pipal* tree makes a rustling noise

(Bride's party) "Why is there not a car in his house?"

(Bridegroom's party) "There was a car but he got tired of it."

(Bride's party) "Why is there no horse" in his house?

(Bridegroom's party) "There was a horse, a sepoy with impudence took it away."

The above song refers to the marriage time. In the first, part, we find processionists starting for the bride's place to the accompaniment of drum. In the second, there is description of the royal reception, which the party aspires for. But the party is sarcastically informed that such reception is meant for big persons only. The third part is a dialogue and the bridegroom's party explain the causes of their poor condition. The last line throws an indirect taunt to the high-handedness of petty officials.

(1)

Oh, king Somanasing<sup>1</sup>

Your throne is of gold

Oh, it is of gold

Your speech is silvery

Oh, it is silvery

Oh, *Pipal* tree

Your leaves appear golden

Oh King Candrasing<sup>1</sup>

1. Names of present Dang Chiefs.



Your throne is of gold  
 Oh, it is of gold  
 Your speech is silvery  
 Oh, it is silvery  
 Oh, *Pipal* tree  
 Your leaves appear golden  
 Oh, King Sahebu'  
 Your throne is golden  
 Oh, it is golden  
 Your speech is silvery  
 Oh, it is silvery  
 Oh, *Pipal* tree,  
 Your leaves appear golden  
 Oh, King Anandarao'  
 Your throne is of gold,  
 Oh, it is of gold  
 Your speech is silvery,  
 Oh, it is silvery  
 Oh, *Pipal* tree  
 Your leaves appear golden  
 Oh, King Harasing'  
 Your throne is of gold,  
 Oh, it is of gold  
 Your speech is silvery  
 Oh, it is silvery  
 Oh *Pipal*, your leaves are golden.

(2)

Whose abode is 'Zavada'<sup>2</sup> division?  
 'Zavada' division is Nakedar's<sup>3</sup> abode  
 Whose abode is 'Vaghai'<sup>2</sup> division?  
 'Vaghai' division is Divan's<sup>4</sup> abode  
 Whose abode is 'Pipri' division?

1. These are the names of present Chiefs of Dangs

2. These are the names of divisions in Dangs.

3. Tax-collector.

'Pipri' division is abode of 'Bhagurao'<sup>2</sup>  
Whose abode is 'Ahava' division?

(3)

'Ahava' division is 'Sahebs'<sup>3</sup> abode  
The leaves of tamarind rustle  
The leaves of tamarind rustle  
And breeze blows from the leaves  
Breeze flows from the hanging roots  
Breeze comes from the corn-ear  
The leaves of tamarind rustle  
The leaves of tamarind rustle  
To whom does the lofty bungalow belong?

(4)

It belongs to 'Sahiba'<sup>4</sup>  
Your cap, Oh ! Sahiba  
Is carried away by the wind  
Near the mouth of the hills  
There grows a thicket of bamboo  
Oh, where lies the axe?  
The axe lies at the smith.  
Where lies the tiger?  
The Sahiba has shot the tiger.

(5)

Build a bungalow,  
Oh, sepoy, build a bungalow for me  
Make windows,  
Oh, sepoy, make windows for me  
Make a passage for air,  
Oh, sepoy, make a passage for air  
Place a chair,  
Oh, sepoy, place a chair for me  
Bring a saucer,  
Oh, sepoy ! bring a saucer for me  
Bring a mirror,



Oh, sepoy ! Bring a mirror for me

Let me see face (in the mirror)

Oh, sepoy, let me see my face.

(6)

Patil has gone to office

He has gone to office

In comes the government servant

He turns arrogant and abusive

He demands a fowl immediately

My husband is not at home

He is at 'Ahava' office

In comes the officer,

He demands the ration immediately,

My wife is not at home.

In the above six songs, the first deals with the chiefs of Dangs and they are praised therein. The next song informs us about the divisions in Dangs and the important personages, whose head-quarters are in that division. The third song describes the fresh cool breezes blowing from a tamarind tree and its neighbourhood. The onomatopoetic words, denoting the rustling of the leaves and the description of the scene in few words, gives picture of the forest trees and meadows. The fourth song has an undercurrent of humour. It depicts the 'Bura sahib,' living in a big bungalow going for a hunt. The wind blows away his hat and he becomes an object of laughter. Besides him, the guide is also not spared. The guide begins his search for axe at the last moment and obtains it, when the tiger has already been shot by the sahiba. The fifth song depicts a big official ordering his peon. He is held out as a laughing stock, when he asks for a mirror to see his face. This and the last song are accurate observations of Government officials and their subordinates. The fifth describes the attitude of the officer towards his subordinate, while the last song describes the arrogance and impudence of high as well

as low officers of Government, towards the poor people.

I bow to Mother Earth

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to mother cow

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to Goddess Kansari<sup>1</sup>

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to Sun and Moon

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to shining stars

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to Morning Star

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to clouds

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock

I bow to Hanuman

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock!

I bow to father and mother.

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock !

I bow to Sati<sup>2</sup>

Deathless is your body, oh, peacock !

I bow to god Mhasha (Buffalo).

This song is sung by men at the time of 'Thakarya' dance, which is performed by men only, during the rainy-season. The refrain of this song is anything but inconsistent. The peacock is believed to be a lover of rain. Its heart is filled with joy when rain begins and it expresses the joy by dancing. Similarly the dancers are filled with joy at the prospect of good rain, for their crop. They are overwhelmed with delight when rain blesses their fields and they earnestly pray to rain-clouds and other gods, to favour them with abundance of crops. In the song we

1. Kansari, is the goddess presiding over corn.

2. 'Sati' (the woman who burns herself on the pyre of her dead husband) is much dreaded and her blessings are much sought for by village people.



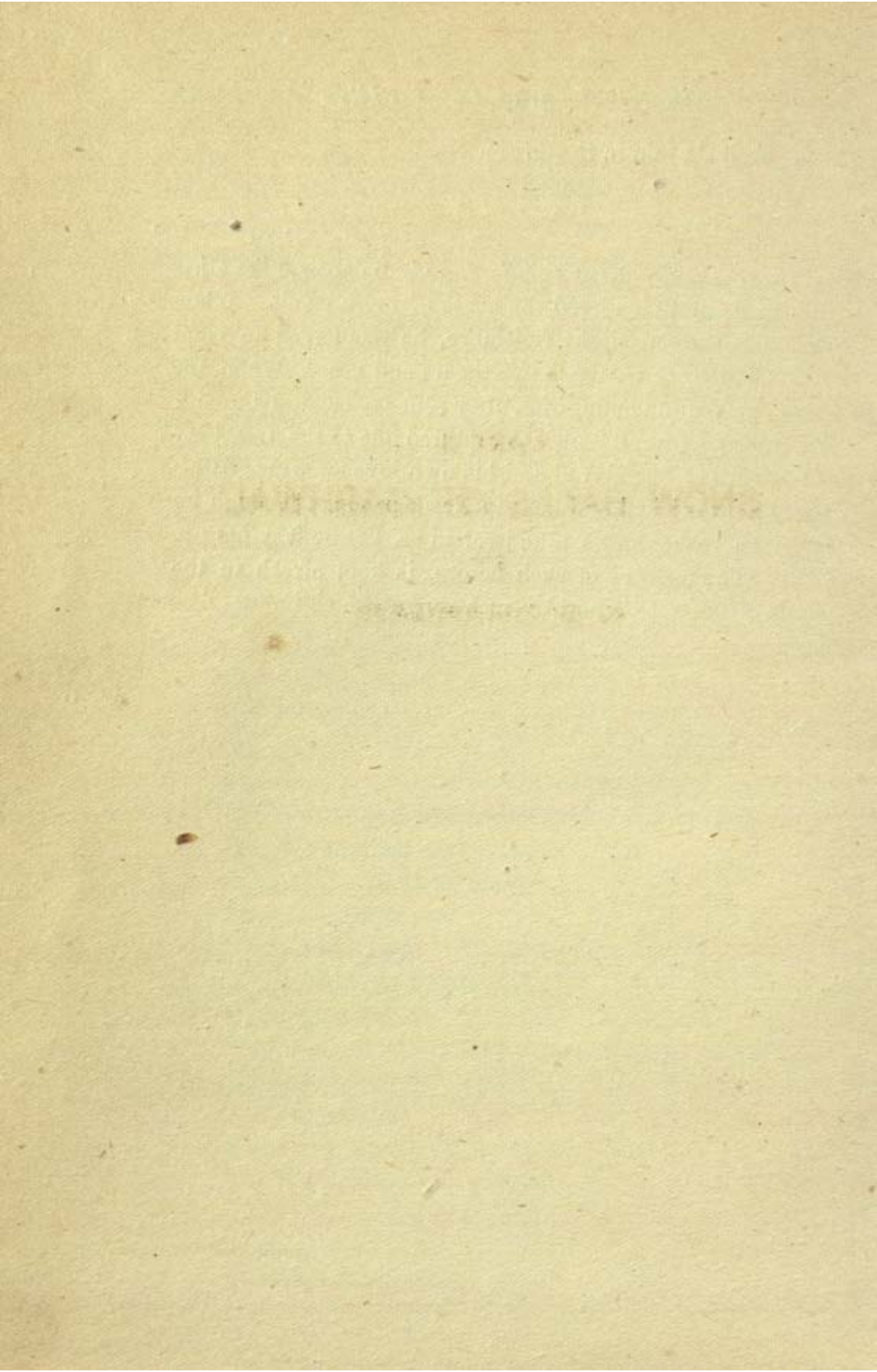
have a list of gods. Going through the list, we find the names of earth, cloud, cow, corn-deity and the manifestations of nature, like sun, moon and stars. All these gods are essential to the happy life of agriculturists. Then comes the ancestor-worship, the essential feature of the cult of animists. The blessings of Hanuman who is the village god and the god of strength are invoked, along with those of 'Buffalo', who is protector of their cattle. Thus the list is conspicuous by the absence of any mention of Hindu gods and those others who have no connection with rural life.

Oh, boy, Cimana !  
Where were you born ?  
You were born in village 'Kocaragav'  
The boy Cimana wanders  
Like a blazing torch  
He created a rebellion  
On the boundary of village 'Bhendavad'  
'Bhendavad' was encircled  
The Marwari (money-lender) was caught  
On his chest was placed the foot  
His nose was cut and ears  
Sahiba came to know about it  
They took out troops  
Cimana ran away  
To the corner in Bhendavad  
He became friendly  
With Patil of Bhendavad  
Cimana was enticed with wine  
The sahib came  
The house was encircled  
The boy Cimana was caught  
Hand-cuffs were put on him  
His feet were tied  
He was taken to Nasik city

And shut up in the prison  
The sahibs imprisoned  
The boy Cimana.

Cimana of Kocargao village was a Bhil dacoit. Like other dacoits, he first plundered the house of a rich Bania. When the Bania showed slight resistance, he was forced to yield and Cimana cut off the Bania's ears and nose. When the news reached the authorities, they sent police after Cimana. He evaded arrest. But he was captured due to the treachery of the Patil of Bhendavad and his own love for wine. Afterwards he was jailed and kept in Nasik prison. Though he appears a robber and a plunderer to us, yet he is a hero to Bhils. The memory of such heroes, is kept afresh in the minds of Bhils by singing such songs which immortalise them.





**PART II**  
**SNOW BALLS OF GARHWAL**  
**BY**  
**N. S. BHANDARI**



# SNOWBALLS OF GARHWAL

## INTRODUCTION.

Two years ago, one morning I had been to the Lucknow Railway station to see off my teacher, Dr. D. N. Majumdar. There were a number of other students as well, my class friends. Dr. Majumdar was going to Gujarat for field work in the Rajpipla State at the invitation of the Gujarat Research Society. In course of a conversation, Dr. Majumdar addressed me as a folklorist. My friends burst into laughter, peals of it. It was then that I resolved to earn the epithet conferred on me by my teacher.

During my ethnographic tour into the interior of Garhwal, in connection with my thesis for the doctorate degree at Lucknow, I started collecting folksongs as I heard them, genuine ones, which are sung on the hills and the valleys and which echo the joys and sorrows of the common people. My purpose was to collect those folksongs which are representative of the country and which have a traditional antiquity. I have selected about 60 of these songs and am presenting them in a readable form. In rendering the songs, I have cared more for literal translation than for the rhythm of it and I do not think I have lost more than I gained for the richer the language in which to translate the songs, the greater is the temptation to produce literary effect which often divorces the thought from the words used. The entire collection consisting, as it does of about 200 songs are being translated and will be presented in a suitable form. I have not given the original texts but I hope to publish them as soon as circumstances permit.

The songs, most of them are so clear in their import that I thought it unnecessary to comment on them. They can speak for themselves. Bards, Auzis, Hurkyas, Badis, Ghadyalas, Jagarways, Mirashis and others have helped me in the collection of these folksongs and I owe a deep debt of gratitude to them. As the folksongs are difficult to trace to any particular author or authors, my obligation to those who have helped me in the task also is difficult to express, as often a number of people have sung to me together and I need to name all of them. I am thankful to Dr. Majumdar and the Ethnographic and Folk Culture Society of Northern India for enabling me to put the songs in the hands of the reading public.

Lucknow,  
30th April, 1946

N. S. Bhandari.

### *Song of the Shepherd*

Ours is watery land, brother !  
Water in rivers, pools and ponds and streama.  
Nay, watery are our mountains too  
*Jalery* is called, therefore, our land O' brother !

Our peaks so high and topped with snow  
Assume majesty in the glorious morn  
When bathed in the rays of the rising sun  
Their golden garments they put on.

Our forests dense are full of animals  
Fierce and strong, beautiful and tiny,  
Birds of a thousand colours  
Chirp and twitter in jungles pleasant.

Our deep, dark, and lonely villages,  
Are rich in undying charms  
Eyes charmed by beautiful flowers,  
Do not look back for hours together.

Ours is the land of sacred memory  
Where Rishis sat on meditation  
It is the land where ancients came  
For final retirement and Mukti.

Our water is pure and healthful  
Our air is cold, breezy, full of life  
Our soil is sacred and bountiful  
Our skies are clear, full of joys.



### *Mourning Mother*

My first born, you're gone whence you came,  
Mothering me, Cruel Soul !, only in a dream—  
The dream which vapoured in twilight of morn,  
I wish the night had never gone and my dream were prolonged.

My breasts are ever full but you're no more  
The mother in me crying, missing you to console  
My tearful eyes are fixed towards the land you went  
Just to see, my dearest, if ever you return.

### *Fathers Sermon*

Here in the lap of father Himalaya—  
The father of Uma, the consort of Shiva  
You get, my child, all the pleasures of life  
Elixir of life, truly and hopefully led.

The maiden Uma did her *tapas* here  
And got the craving of her heart  
May the lofty peaks give you my child!  
Thoughts lofty, serene and undisturbed.

The perennial flow of brimful rivers  
Shall fill your heart with fullness of life  
And mind with the idea of immortality  
Here and no where else is life's purpose fulfilled.

Our valleys are ever green,  
Our tree boughs are full of nests of birds,  
Our groves or bush green grass that invites  
Our fledgings that sing so gay.

Nature so young so full of splendour majestic,  
Writ full of lessons of life for you, my child  
Learn and profit from her, my heart's darling  
Profit, unless you repent.



Now look out O' Sureshi !  
The surveyors have come.  
Spread the wheat grains,  
Before their arrival dear !

They've come, O' Sureshi,  
Thou damsel sweet of *Pujari's*,  
Go and bring the *hukka*  
Serve it to the surveyors.

Go, go, my sweet girl,  
Get the *hukka* soon,  
Why should your cheeks blush ?  
Why should you feel shy ?

Ah ! what a nice girl you are  
Whose like my eyes never met,  
If only you were an orange ball  
I could carry you in my pocket.

He promised you comfortable chairs,  
To sit upon in distant Salan.  
But Sureshi ! you poor love worm!  
Have even no worn out tin instead.

*Ganeshi*

Of all the fighting men, my girl,  
Who have left for Jhansi,  
Tell me my dear Ganeshi !  
How many shall see home again !

The trumpet call has come,  
Drums are (being) beaten fast  
Soldiers are ready for their marching order,  
Ganeshi, darling ! go home.

'Home! Without you my love!  
No, why not ? I go to the front  
And fight by your side  
Oh! darling, don't order me home.

'The war is terrible,  
—Ghastly scenes of blood ever seen  
Yours is tender sex, my girl,  
I am forbidden to take you to the front.

'Ah misery! you have made me miserable still—  
By parting me from one, whom I love  
Merciless God a gulf of sepration you have caused  
Between me and my dearest love.

'Peace be to you Ganeshi  
Go home with faith in Him  
Propitiate our family goddess  
That I return home unassailed'.

'Going home, ah ! its terrible !  
I'll not do it dear,  
Attitude of your mother  
Towards me is harsh and cruel!



*Ganeshi—(contd.)*

'Ganeshi ! you're pregnant dear,  
Go home, I pray you, go home dear,  
If a son be born to you dear,  
Educate him in English or if a daughter be born to you,  
Give her in *Dan*, my dear.

The *Tebār* of five-brothers shall look,  
Our home lonely and devoid of life,  
Educate my brother, my darling,  
Give my parade--watch to him !

Relations of soldiers alive,  
Receive letters from them.  
Wires bring to the relations  
The death-news of their dear ones.

Hark, O ! gentle passer by !  
Read the letter which I received  
'What to read, Oh poor woman  
Your husband, he is dead !'

'Of so many fighting men my girl  
Who have left for Jhansi,  
Tell me my dear Ganeshi !  
How many shall be home again ?'

*From a foreign Land*

Mother ! far away in a distant land  
The thought of thine is crushing me,  
Poverty, abject poverty, mother,  
Has separated me from thee.

Amidst these foreigners, mother  
There is none to console me  
The foreign tongue has no charm  
Neither any tale it has to tell me.

They love me, if love it were,  
Only when I work for them,  
Whenever my limbs fail me mother !  
My masters here fail me too.

Trains, cars, radio, electricity,  
Have no attraction for me,  
Hills and dales of my native land  
I long to see, my dearest mother.

What service could I render you mother ?  
And you have grown unusually grey.  
The girl for whom I incurred debt  
Has, alas, ! missed the pleasures of youth.

Of what use the marriage was  
To me, to the girl and to you ?  
When all of us cruelly suffer  
From poverty and separation too.



*The Grass-Cutter Sings*

The grass is green,  
The cuckoo singing,  
Basant is brilliant,  
The nature young,  
But, alas ! nothing pleases me  
Who has prematurely grown grey.  
No longer can I bear, my love !  
Pangs of separation from you,  
Who has gone to a foreign land  
Turning his back on me.  
I live, I cry, I work, I decay  
With eyes grown grey in waiting and watching you return.

*A Peasant Girl's Song*

The sun is cruel and bright  
A lot of work still to do  
People have returned to their home,  
No call of meals has come for me.  
Here, here, in these lonely fields,  
I, the unfortunate, alone work.  
My lord, being in a distant land  
Who will tell me "Thy lord has come!  
The day of thy happiness has dawned."



*Grandmother Lulls the Child to Sleep*

Sleep, my child, sleep,  
Other children weep of hunger  
But my darling weeps for sleep  
Sleep, my child, lest *Konabood*<sup>1</sup> comes,  
And takes you away,

*Lhoo Lhoo* she is coming<sup>2</sup>  
'Don't come witch, my child is sleeping,'  
She has gone away  
Sleep, my child, in perfect peace.

Other children weep of hunger  
My child also weeps for milk,  
Don't cry my child, lest *konabood* hears  
She will come and take you away.

*Lhoo Lhoo* do'nt come  
The milk for my child is coming  
And she has become quiet  
Sleep, my child, in perfect peace.  
Sleep, my child, sleep.

1. A devil which lives in the dark corners of a house.

2. Expressions suggested to be used by the *konabood* to terrorise the young folk.

*A Threat to a Crying Child*

O Moon, brightest Moon,  
Sweets that are perpared in your home,  
Distribute them to all of us  
Except to this naughty child.



## *Farming Song*

The soil to till is hard,  
Stones defy our plough  
Yet drag on my bullocks  
*Leyo leyo, you chums, leyo leyo.*<sup>1</sup>

The plough is heavy  
The midday sun merciless  
Finish we must, before it's too hot,  
*Leyo leyo, you chums, leyo leyo*

What a great patrimony !  
What a tragedy of wasted labour  
Yet for its love I stick to it  
*Undo, undo, my chums, undo undo*

What else can I do ?  
'The family must be fed.  
Tilling eternally is my lot,  
*Ubbo, ubbo, my chums, ubbo ubbo.*

It's tragic to be born so poor,  
Poverty is ugly, very inhuman.  
Like beasts I live for my belly,  
*Chho chho, my chums, chho chho.*

1. Expressions used by a farmer while driving his oxen.







## *The Basket Seller*

*Saumanyasa*, Thakuro,<sup>1</sup>  
*Saumanyasa*, 'Thakuro, *Saumanyasa*,  
Here has come, Sire,  
Your *Ruriya's* wife<sup>2</sup>  
He has gone to the jungle  
To fetch the bamboo reeds,  
My child is hungry—  
There is nothing to give him.  
Take this basket my good Thakur  
Give me grains, that you please,  
I owe my life to you, to the blessings of your revered shoe,  
*Saumanyasa*, Thakuro, *Saumanya-ma-baap*

1 Expression of greeting used by a Dom for a Thakur.

2 Basket-maker.



*Lover Sings*

Daily I would send letters you my love  
Give me the name of your post-office  
I would come to your house tomorrow  
But no, it is Tuesday tomorrow.<sup>1</sup>  
Your heart, my love, moved towards me  
To the music of English tune.  
Let my name be sewn there  
Somewhere on your *Anguri* fine<sup>2</sup>  
Let our attachment be my love,  
Innocent, child like, true,  
Or give me poison to drink  
And end this drama for good.

1. It is inauspicious to visit one's kith and kin on Tuesdays.
2. Upper garment put on by women.

*The Liquor Case*

Who served the liquor,  
    To my daughter-in-law ?  
Who made her unconscious—  
    Who outraged her modesty,  
Who served the liquor—  
    So strong and maddening ?  
Send for the headman of the village  
    Who served the liquor ?  
Send for the Patwari of the Patti  
    Who served the liquor ?  
Send for the Kanungo of the Pargana  
    Who served the liquor ?  
I'll go upto the Pauri-ascent—  
    Who served the liquor ?  
I'll fight out the case—  
    Who served the liquor ?



## *Winding Bullocks*

Wind bullocks wind,  
The yard is full of grain-blades,  
You fill your master's barn  
You bring the soil from Maithana,  
You bring the barley from Jaurashi—  
You bring the linseeds from Tilbara—  
Bring as many grain-sheaves—  
As your horns are,  
Bring as many *Khars* of grain<sup>1</sup>  
As your feet are.  
Wind bullocks wind.

1. An item of measurement.

*Locusts Have Come*

The locusts have come—  
Barley-harvest they've destroyed—  
My little-daughter's father,  
You drive them with your cap  
I'll drive them with my hood  
In wheat fields they are not so many  
The barley-fields are full of them,

The locusts have come,  
My little daughter's father  
Locusts have come.



*Molu Kamin (From Bagdwal)*

You ate my salt, Dear Molu,  
    Then why do you betray it?  
Why did then my fields remain,  
    Untilled, uncultivated.  
"The Queen Paturya, Sire,  
    Keeps charge of a mighty store.  
Yet Dhaula, Bhulla, my bullocks,  
    Get neither water to drink, nor fodder to eat,  
Mine is a Dom's belly, big and spacious,  
    But I starve on poor and scanty meals I get.

*Sobani Sings (From Bagdwal)*

Chait has come, brother,  
Brides have gone back to their father's home  
The choir of birds are singing  
In various tongues and and notes  
Sing, sing, O' Cuckoo darling—  
In the watery fields of Kimarya—  
Kimarya in the Basar Patti,  
Cuckoo ! sing, when my mother hears you,  
She shall send for me.  
Cuckoo ! thy song, when my brother hears  
He shall come to fetch me home.



*Bard's Blessing*

The flute player The Player of the flute  
The Lifter of the Mountain,  
The Darling of the Gopies  
The Saviour of the Elephant-king.  
The One who killed the mighty Kansa,  
Gave Moksha to Bhakta Prahlad,  
And eternal Kingdom to Dhurb  
Defender of the voice of Vedas,  
A mighty store of pity and compassion,  
The son of Basudev,  
The utterance of whose name  
Sets loose the bonds of vices  
May such Lord Krishna,  
Protect your family  
For a million years to come.



L. W. S. N. 1946.





*Disconsolate Woman*

Lo ! here it has come, brother !  
Bhadau, the full has come.  
Asuj, the young has come.  
These months of rich beauty have come.  
This season of maddening charm has come  
Variety of flowers have bloomed,  
The season has come back,  
Like the rounds of circle  
The season has come back,  
Only a dead soul, my brother  
Does not come back—  
Only a dry *Sandan*, my brother,  
Does not become green afresh.  
No season is so sweet,  
As this is, O' my brother  
As the season comes back  
Men's hearts begin to dance with joy,  
Those fortunates, O' my brother  
Who have brothers-on-the-back—  
Who support ones back,  
And increase the might of ones arm  
Brothers make a strong force.  
Brothers give relief from one's sorrows and pains.  
A girl-wife with no blood-brother ;  
Watches his way in vain,  
Weeps and sheds nickle-drops  
A fortunate sister of many brothers.  
Is sent for by her brothers  
Who shall call me home, brother !  
Ah ! I have no brother of my own.  
Sister ! fortunate girls they are—  
Who have their fathers living  
Who receive sweets and presents  
Who receive private packets (of sweets)  
And I have my father dead, Sister !  
Who shall call me home. ?



*Do not go to Ranihat Gajai Singh*

Do not go to Ranihat, Gajai Singh  
Do not go to Ranihat  
You drink drink, endlessly drink  
Till you become mad, Gajai Singh  
Desist from drinking,  
Do not go to Ranihat, Gajai Singh,  
Do not go to Ranihat.  
There live robber-queens—  
Lovely earrings you have on,  
They will rob you of them—  
They killed your father,  
You have banagles on your wrists,  
They will kill you, Gajai Singh,  
Drinking is bad habit with you.  
Do not go to Ranihat Gajai Singh  
Do not go to Ranihat.

*Queen Rudra*

Decamp thyself O' Queen Rudra,  
Twenty nine ropes of thy camp,  
Untie them O' Queen Rudra

Do thou what I say  
Lest thou repentest

Decamp.....

When I'll bring a Dhanpuri girl,  
As thy co-wife to be.

Thou wilt go to corners to weep

Do then, what I say.

Lest thou repentest.

Decamp.....

When I'll bring a Chandpuri girl

As thy co-wife to be

Thou wilt weep in forests

When thou wilt go for grass

Do thou what I say

Lest thou repentest—

Decamp.....



### *Bhoot Conjured up*

The night is over, the day has dawned  
The day which dawned in the East has set in the West,  
Over the hills the sun has set, over dales shadow has fallen  
Cows have returned from grazing-hillocks,  
Cows have been tied, buffaloes fettered,  
The wild deers have come back to their caves,  
The little birds have nestled in their little nests.  
O' Bhoot, it is evening now.  
Come remembering your full-sized family,  
Come remembering friends of your youth,  
Your brothers are sitting in an assembly  
An assembly of brothers, and friendship of youth,  
Forget O' Bhoot ! malice of the past,  
Malice of the past vanishes with the changed times,  
One eats his ration and enjoys his share,  
Had you still any more share, you would have enjoyed it.  
Even the sun and the moon did not eternally live.  
Even five Pandava-brothers did not remain immortal—  
Privations which the five brothers had to meet,  
None could meet such of them, O' Bhoot !  
I shall let you be offered Pindas in Gaya Kshetra,  
Only, then, shall I send you back to heaven.  
I shall get you prepared a hut thatched with copper-plates  
Only, then, shall I send you back to heaven,  
Come remembering the place where you died.  
Come remembering your full sized family.

*Mulberry of the Crest*

Mullberries of the crest, my *Bau* !<sup>1</sup>  
Let's go to eat mullberries my *Bau*,  
Mullberries are ripe, my *Bau*  
Mulberry of the crest,.....  
Let's go to eat mulberry.....  
Mulberry-tree of the crest,.....  
Extends down to the valley,.....  
Mulberry-tree of the valley,.....  
Extends up to the crest,.....  
Let's go to eat mulberry,.....  
'Do bring for me, *Dewar*,.....  
Mullberries of the crest,.....  
Mullberries of the crest,.....  
Mullberries of the valley,.....  
Mullberries of the valley,.....  
You're my darling,.....  
Mullberries are ripe, my *Bau*.  
Let's go to the mullberries, my *Bau*,

1. Sister-in-law.



## *Bala Bhandari*

You look nice in the knee-deep *choli*<sup>1</sup>  
O' Bala Bhandari ! in knee-deep choli,  
Charming looks the lock of the temple,  
O' Bala Bhandari ! the lock of the temple,  
Santoli has reached the fine flock of rams,  
O' Bala Bhandari ! fine flock of rams,  
Santoli has come, the King of Huniyas,  
O' Bala Bhandari ! the King of Huniyas,  
The flock of rams with the temples' rice,  
O' Bala Bhandari ! the temple's rice,  
The flock of rams with the temple's *Bharyul*<sup>2</sup>  
O' Bala Bhandari ! the temple's *Bharyul*.  
Look out Luchhmu, still remain how many *gharis*<sup>2</sup> of night  
My brother Luchhmu, how many *gharis* of night!  
Aloft the crest is the star, two and half *gharis* of night,  
O' Bala Bhandari ! two and half *gharis* of night.  
Look out Lachhmu ! what is this tumult !  
At Santoli has come to stay *Mahamai's* camp.<sup>3</sup>  
O' Bala Bhandari ! *Mahamai's* camp.  
My life, if saved, I'll offer a pair of rams.  
O' Narsingh of Joshimath ! I'll offer a pair of rams.

1. Upper garments of males.

2. (*Gharis*-it is one items of measurement of time  
24 minutes constitute a ghari and 2½ gharis make an hour.)

3. Cholera goddess.

*Barhmasi (The Cycle of Months)*

O' sister, O' Ram Chait has come,  
The flower-girls have busied themselves in the early hours  
of morn,

Baisakh has come, consorts will particularly hear  
Under wheat and barley-bundles, their waists are aching,  
Jeth has come, it is suffocating,  
In the absence of my lord, I take it death to be,  
Asarh, the first month of rains has come,  
I, a sinner, am dying worried, neither flesh nor blood remains,  
The second and real month of rains has come  
Clouds and mists are hovering, it's heavily raining.  
Bhado, has come, I consoled my heart,  
Either O' my lord come home, or O' God it's for death  
I yearn.

Asuj month has come, clouds have disappeared  
Corn and sorghum are ready, lemons thoroughly ripe,  
Dewali of Kartik having come, sweets are being prepared.  
in every home  
Whose hearts shall feel composed without husband these  
days?

O sisters, O Ram ! Mangsir has come.  
In the thought of my love, neither flesh nor blood remains.  
Cold of Push is bitter, body greatly shivers,  
How lucky they are whose husbands give them company?  
Magh has come, cold has half way gone away,  
Due to my husband's absence, my heart is broken,  
Fagun has come, fields look full and green,  
Like a solitary monkey, I, the sinner remain alone.

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*Whose Flute is it?*

'O' buffalo like woman whose flute is it?  
'Father as guest had come, his Flute is it.'  
'Your father is short, the flute is long,'  
Will you not tell me whose flute is it.'  
'Brother as guest had come, his flute is it.'  
Your brother is short, the flute is bigger,  
Will you not tell me, whose flute is it?'  
See the axe in my hand, whose flute is it?'  
'Uncle as guest had come, his flute is it'  
Your uncle is short, the flute is bigger,  
Will you not tell me whose flute is it?  
See the axe in my hand, whose flute is it?  
Brother-in-law was here, his flute is it.  
(And by then the axe had fallen on her neck )

*Bendi*

Do not ye lovely Bendi,  
    Sit on the swing.

The swing is old,  
    Very very old, indeed.

Do not ye lovely Bendi  
    Sit on the swing

So old, so torn, it is Bendi  
    It will break very soon.

Do not yet lovely Bendi.  
    Sit on the swing.

So young, so fresh, thou'rt,  
    Thy loss I can hardly sustain,

Do not yet lovely Bendi  
    Sit on the swing.

Swing if thou must,  
    Lay on my arms, a nice swing shall I give thee.

Do not yet lovely Bendi,  
    Sit on the swing.

Pity me O' my lovely Bendi  
    Whom thou so dearly loveth

Do not yet lovely Bendi  
    Sit on the swing.



*Son's Lament*

Mother, still in my infancy,  
    You left me in sore distress.  
Ever used to suckling your breast,  
    Used to soft caresses of your hands.  
Reposing my tiny head on your bosom.  
Bereft of your tender care,  
Deprived of your soft lap,  
Should I be forlorn so soon  
Hardly did then I guess.  
The stepmother cruel as she is  
Is harsh, merciless, my mother!  
Kicks me ever, and, kisses never  
Abuses, and calls me bad names.  
Shorn of delight, I greet my father  
Whenever he comes to me, under her terror  
Father poor is in great misery  
More miserable than I can stress  
Mother! still in my infancy,  
You left us in sore distress.

*A Wife's Message*

Hark, hark, you morning breeze,  
Tell my lord, I waited him come.  
When night was dark.  
And rains were coming  
I hastened to court-yard.  
Looked deep through the pitch dark  
If I could see my beloved coming.  
Hark, hark, you morning breeze.  
Tell my lord, I waited him come.  
A flash of lightening,  
And no where was he.  
Thundering came the clouds,  
I remained unmoved.  
Hustling blew the wind,  
I remained unmoved.  
Whistling came the rains,  
I remained unmoved.  
No fear of ghost, did I feel,  
Neither shivering cold, could me deter,  
What pervaded me, was a dismal sense,  
My lord will not turn back to me,  
Despaired, drenched, slowly I traced back my way.  
Grieved, lost in his thoughts did I close my eyelids  
Soon cuckoo announced approach of the morn  
Hark, hark, you morning breeze,  
Tell my lord I waited him come.



*Sweetest Dream*

Sister ! sweetest of all the dreams  
    Is one I dreamt yesterday,  
He stood gay, elegant looked he,  
    With long arms stretched for me,  
His soft wide open eyes  
    Gave an invitation to me  
Beckoned me they,  
    To recline on his arms,  
Beckoned me they,  
To imprint a kiss on his cheeks,  
Beckoned me they,  
To be kissed merrily by him  
Modesty forbade me,  
To be one with him.  
Modesty forbade me,  
To be lost in him.  
Angrily, he said  
'What care I for you!  
And, then, gave me a broad smile,  
'You are my greatest care, dear!  
For you are my life's jewel.'  
Sister! sweetest of all the dreams.  
Is one I dreamt yesterday.

*Masi Flower*

In Kabilash is a flower,

Masi is its name.

Which God shall it adorn by its charms?

Mahadev, is the god, to be adorned.

In Kabilash is a flower.

Masi is its name.

Which goddess shall it adorn by its charms ?

Parvati, is the goddess, to be adorned.

In Kabilash is a flower.

Masi is its name.

Which god shall it adorn by its charm,

Vishnu, is the god, to be adorned.

In Kabilash is a flower,

Masi is its name.

Which goddess shall it adorn by its charm

Laxmi, is the goddess, to be adorned.

So on.



*Arjun Sets Out For Lanka*

Arjun, sets out for Lanka fortress,  
'Draupadi! you stay at home.  
To whom shall you leave,  
O' Draupadi! these mighty stores?'  
'Store-keeper, shall I engage. O my lord!'  
Arjun, sets out for Lanka fortress  
'Draupadi! you stay at home.  
To whom shall you leave  
The great herd of buffaloes!'  
'A grazier, shall I engage, O' my lord!'  
Arjun sets out for Lanka fortress.  
Draupadi! you stay at home.  
'To whom shall you leave,  
Four Pandavas, your husbands!'  
Maidens fair shall I engage, O, my lord!'  
Arjun, sets out for Lanka fortress.  
Draupadi! you stay at home.  
To whom shall you leave,  
Mother Kunti, in her doting age?'  
'To mighty Bhim, shall I leave her, O' my Lord!'

*Consolation*

Sister! how shall I remain  
When you depart from me!  
Glad heart, indeed, you shall be,  
When married to that finest youth,  
Tall, sturdy and handsome is he.  
With voice sonorous and face serene.  
Graceful looks he, when works, walks and speaks.  
He, who looks a king indeed  
Will soon accept you as his queen.  
But who shall, then, be my friend  
Cutting grass who shall come with me?  
With whom shall I sing and dance,  
Who shall sing for me!  
Sister! how shall I remain  
When you depart from me?'  
'Why worry my sister dear!  
The day is not far away,  
When a man divine marries you  
And gives you more than you got from me,  
Mirth, delight and peace of heart,  
Youth's sweetest glee, will give you he,  
Then, whenever, we meet again,  
Of our joys and sorrows, we will talk  
Of good and bad in our husbands' homes.  
Sweet delights of childhood shall we recall  
Then be glad, and give me a hearty smile.  
Worry not my sister dear!



### *Lullaby*

Sleep my child sleep,  
Love of my life.  
Brightness of my eyes,  
A shining star of my sky,  
You are, O' my child  
Sleep, a sound slumber, you sleep,  
Besides you shall I repose.  
Sing lullabies sweet,  
Laugh merrily at lustres you shed.  
And pray to Him, who gave you to me,  
Sweet, a dreamless sleep, you sleep.  
Close then the petals of your eyes  
Rest your tiny head on my arms.  
Close to my heart lie hope of my life  
Sing a silent song of love to me.  
Sleep, to grow bigger, you sleep.  
If I repose in slumber's lap,  
Hanumanji shall protect you,  
Laxmi and Saraswati shall sit by your side  
And bless you with luxury and learning  
Sleep, to awake a blessed one, you sleep.







*Gongu Ramolo*

Dwarika is cursed, it is a ghadyali curse,  
Who is swift at ghadyali ?  
Gongu, is said a swift ghadyalya (conjurer) to be  
Where must he be, Gongu Ramolo?  
There, where, the double instruments are,  
There, must he be, Gongu Ramolo.  
Dwarika is cursed, it is a ghadyali curse.  
Who is swift at Ghadyali.  
Where must he be, Gongu Ramolo.  
There, where the double trumpets are  
There, must he be, Gongu Ramolo.



## *Majanu Tree*

Who you are, O' man ! sitting in the shade of the tree  
Besides water stands Majanu tree.  
Sitting in the shade, do not break its branches.  
Who you are O' man! sitting in the shade of the tree!  
Besides water stands Majanu tree.  
My father planted this tree,  
My mother watered it with milk.  
Who you are, O' man! sitting in the shade of the tree?  
My uncle built its stone-enclosure,  
My aunt brought stones and clay.  
Who you are O' man! sitting in the shade of the tree!  
Besides water stands Majanu tree,  
My brother got it fenced,  
Steadily did my sister-in-law nurture it  
Who you are O' man! sitting in the shade of the tree!  
Besides water stands Majanu tree.  
It stands erect, full of pride.  
And reminds me of my dear ones.  
Who you are, O' man! sitting in the shade of the tree?  
Besides water stands Majanu tree.  
Sitting in the shade, do not break its branches.  
It grieves my heart,  
To see it assailed.  
Who you are, O' man! sitting in the shade of the tree!  
Sitting in the shade, do not break its branches.

## *The Joke*

The well-clad youth, who is come,  
Who he may be!  
With the young maiden, he is come,  
Who he may be.  
He, who is with the bride, is her lover,  
He has married his sister own.  
He has brought his sister here,  
To give us a treat of dance.  
How beautiful looks this couple of Hurkyas? <sup>1</sup>  
Maiden, to-day belongs to us.  
With the young maiden, he is come,  
Who he may be!  
Her brother is with the young bride,  
Most prominent in the party,  
Is the brother of the young maid.

1. Professional dancers.



*A Widow's Grief*

You left me, O' my husband!  
In this world quite alone  
Wingless bird, I am, departed dear!  
Like a goat for sacrifice, I am.  
You left me under whose charge,  
Under whose care and protection my Lord!  
Pluming your feathers you winged away  
Cutting all your relations with me.  
Break alas! but you could not,  
Our relations eternal, O' my Lord!  
Death cannot destroy dear!  
Relations of two loving hearts.  
Truly, no more you are,  
In this world full of sins  
But shedding tears has come to be,  
Husband dear! my eternal lot.  
True it is, very true  
I am living as mortals do  
Put amidst those that me detest,  
And those that do not belong to me.  
You left me alone, my heart's love!  
Let yours be this curse  
Yet eternally your maid, my love!  
I am ever, always yours.  
From heaven shall you be,  
My love! looking at me,  
Prithee, seeing always me in tears,  
Let not gloomy yourself be.

## *Song of the Goat Men*

'Far away from home,  
We live in open *parhao's*<sup>1</sup>  
Deprived alas! of sweet talks  
Of those that we dearly love.  
We move about, and live with goats.  
Oh I long for them, away from whom, I am.  
I yearn for living with them  
*Ayan le! ayan ayan le!*<sup>2</sup>  
'This wanderer's life I love,  
Great is relief from home's misery.  
I lead a life which has no cares.  
What more I want, if my goats make me my wealth?  
And these open spaces my lovely homes,  
*Ayan le ayan ayan le,*  
'Salt, bheli and tobacco  
Trading in them all through  
Is it a life, my dear brother!  
Is it a life worth living!  
The constant fear of leopards  
Creeping into *parhaos*, dreadens me,  
Whims of weather, and a risky life.  
Is it all ordained for the poor?  
*Ayan bagh, ayan bamko le!*

1. Stages.

2. Expressions used by goatmen while driving goats.



## *Wishing*

I, full of prayers, wish thee,  
Accept it ye the sun of the day.  
Accept it ye the moon of the night  
I, full of prayers, wish thee,  
Accept it, ye the god of success, the Nagile  
Accept it, Ye my family goddess, Bhawani.  
I, full of prayers, wish thee  
Accept it, ye the assembly of good men  
Accept it, ye the assembly of wise men  
I, full of prayers, wish thee  
Accept it ye the lord of land,  
On whose land I steadied my feet  
Accept it, ye 'Thakur  
Whose land gods have visited with curse.  
I, full of prayers, wish you all  
Accept it, ye the Ganesh of my gate  
Accept it, ye the Narain of my window  
Accept it, Ye the light of my lamp,  
The light that gives me a guide  
Through darkness enveloping the earth.

*Mahanand*

'Bishwashi! my girl,

Do not ask me where I am for.

Bishwashi! my girl,

I am off to bring my Brahmini 'home'

'Mahanand, my boy

Where to, with umbrella in your hand ?

Mahanand, my boy

And, with medicine-bag hanging from your shoulder.

'Bishwashi, my girl

Do not ask me where I am for?

Bishwashi, my girl

For your sake and your love,

Bishwashi, my girl

I have left doing my *sandhya*,

'Mahanand, my boy,

Have you any scruples to take,

Mahanand, my boy,

Rice cooked by me, your love!

Bishwashi, my girl,

How shall I eat, a Brahmin boy

Bishwashi, my girl,

Rice prepared by you, a Dom's daughter!



*Genda*

'Sweetie! so sweet you are,  
As tune of a harmonium is,  
If alas! destined be you to die,  
Die, my beautiful Genda, you die.  
But hark, before you close your eyes, hark  
A hermit will I become dear!  
'Never, you become a hermit dear  
I have, my sister Senda, your wife to be'  
(And the last suck to Govindo, her son)  
'Suck my breast, O' my child,  
Suck my breast, tonight, my Govindo dear?  
Tomorrow onwards, with your garndmother you shall be,  
Suck my breast, O' my child, O' my dear Govindo!







*A Paramour's Proposal*

Whatever be my parrot-dear!  
You shall be mine,  
You are, O' my parrot,  
Dearer than my own life to me.  
You are hunger of my belly, parrot?  
And a strong thirst of my eyes.  
You are a beautiful flower,  
And I, a beetle to you,  
I have, parrot dear,  
My whole heart in you.  
I mind not, be it anything  
A greatest harm to me.  
Nay a cruel death of my own,  
Gladly face I will parrot! all for your sake.  
We may not meet here, in this world,  
We will meet in heaven.  
It is not a fit place for love, dear  
Here love has not any weight.  
Let us, then, fly O' my parrot.  
Let us fly to the land of the angels.



*Her Request*

Like the nest of a dove,  
My life is filled with shyness,  
I touch and bend to your feet,  
Do not strip me off my bodice,  
Like the row of flying pigeons,  
Many thoughts crop up into my heart  
My parrot do not come in my dream  
For then my heart is filled with restlessness.

*Mahendra, the Dewar (Brother-in-law)*

Ten and six *Jeth's* I have  
And full fifteen *Dewars*,  
Yet Mahendra, my *dewar*, whom I dearly love.  
Is sweetest to me of them all.  
Do not come, O' Mahendra,  
Do not come with light in your hand,  
Do not come in the night with light in your hand.  
Lest people see you creeping in.  
Do not come in the night,  
Mahendra! my charming dear,  
Do not make any noise,  
Lest my children weep.

(But Mahendra does not turn up. God knows why? His Bhavi-paramour, makes all necessary preparations to receive him, but He sorely disappoints her. Thus sings the Bhavi in despair, rather in a repentant mood.)

'I cleansed my curves and corners,  
For my brother-in-law's sake,  
But he fled away to foreign land  
I waited for him all in vain.'



*A Brother's Request*

Do not beat my Bhavis brother!  
Do not beat my Bhavi.  
She bears my nephew  
In her womb, my brother!  
Do not beat my Bhavi.  
A stick of *Rwins* hangs down the roof,  
Do not you use it to beat her  
Do not beat my Bhavi, brother!  
Do not beat my Bhavi  
Forget not the fines, you'll have to pay.  
And punishment to undergo,  
Then, stay, do not beat her.  
Do not beat my Bhavi, brother  
Do not beat my Bhavi.

*For the Battle Field*

'Brother ! You are a steady lion like a mountain  
You are as soft as a lotus is,  
You are as swift as a leopard-at-prey  
Yet being all this  
Cannot you conquer, brother !  
That much coveted country, ?'  
'My sons! You are lion cubs,  
Could you go to Khirbhirhi country  
And return triumphant,  
With Bhiwan Rawat's head in your hands  
Heads with folded turban, hands with rings  
And necks with wreaths, shall I decorate.'



*O' Jhankuru ! you are Born to Parents Bold*

O Jhankuru ! You are born to parents bold  
Who possess poisonous arrows,  
Jetting for months together  
Whose aerial weapons, cover long distances,  
Like the mighty Gangaji's currents.  
Whose arrows have sharpness of a needle,  
And steadiness of a mountain high  
Whose cloths are iron-clad armour.  
O' Jhankuru! son of such gallant parents  
Fight you on steadily|fight.

*Bhandari's Maleth*

'O' Bhandari ! dear ! tell me,  
How is your Maleth !  
Is it good to look at ?'  
'A drain full of water,  
With ripples, full of music, is in my Maleth.  
A fountain below the village, is in my Maleth.  
Palak-gardens are in plenty, in my Maleth.  
Cress and citron are in my Maleth.  
Enclosures for cows, are in my Maleth  
And fences for buffalos, are in my Maleth.  
Bravest of men face contest in my Maleth  
Nice to look at, is my Maleth.'



*Bhavi's Trick*

'What stealthily on the shelf.  
Have you put Bhavi ?'  
'There are breads for your brother ?'  
'Give me some bits of them Bhavi'  
'Pshaw ! too much of a beggar you are'  
'What stealthily on the shelf.  
'Have you put Bhavi ?'  
'There is puffed rice for your brother'  
'Give me, only handful of it Bhavi'  
'Pshaw ! too much of a beggar you are !'  
'What stealthily on the shelf  
Have you put Bhavi ?'

*Nagelo, the God*

In the temple Nagelo has come,

Nagelo is a new god.

In the temple Nagelo has come,

In Lasbiya Thati, Nagelo has come,

A powerful god is he, Nagelo has come.

In the temple Nagelo has,

What sounds are they?

In the temple Nagelo has come,

These are sounds of beat of drums.

In the temple Nagelo has come,

What sounds are they?

In the temple Nagelo has come

These are sounds of trumpet call.

In the temple Nagelo has come

What sounds are they?

In the temple Nagelo has come,

These are sounds of conch-shell blown.

In the temple Nagelo has come

Nagelo is a new god

Nagelo is a powerful god.

Nagelo is god of my native land.



*Lachma, my Parrot Dear*

In the lonely forest,  
When tears come in my eyes  
Who will wash them away?  
Lachma, my parrot dear!  
Who will wash away?

I am longing for you, dear!  
My heart is weeping for you.  
In great agony I am dear!  
Lachma, my parrot dear!  
In great agony I am dear!

But alas! on that shore of the Gangaji you are,  
On this disappointed do I stay,  
Who will lay a *jangar*<sup>1</sup> for us dear!  
Lachhma, my parrot dear!  
Who will lay a *jangar*, dear!

If only you dearly loved me  
Gladly would you respond to my frequent calls  
Gladly would give me yours,  
Lachhma, my parrot dear!  
Gladly would you give me yours.

Conspirers, as many are there, my girl!  
Ugly is the part they play,  
Will, surely, destroy our relations.  
Lachhma, my parrot dear!  
Will, surely, destroy our relations,

Since my very childhood  
I loved you, intensely loved.  
Love is deep, my heart full of you,

1—Local practice of crossing rivers by holding the hand of a powerful man.

*Lachma my Parrot Dear—(continued.)*

Lachhma, my parrot dear !

My heart is full of you.

My heart is full of love,

A love, surely, always for you

What is in your heart, dear !

Lachhma, my parrot dear !

What is in your heart, dear !



### *Magh Panchami*

The Magh-Panchami has come,  
Green barley has bedecked every home,  
Every-body is happy,  
But I for my native land long.  
Lucky females ! go you to your native land,  
But do tell my message to my mother dear.  
Tell you all to my mother dear.  
Her welfare she did not send to me,  
I ardently long to see her,  
On one flank of field, I was cutting my grass.  
From the other, brother stealthily passed by.  
Distribute you, a little later,  
Puffed rice, your sweet present,  
Convey, first, my message to her,  
That your daughter is in agony,  
Day and night, shedding tears.  
Throughout rains, I cut and heaped bundles of grass  
But accursed old husband, never shared milk with me.  
Afraid of him, I go to dark corners to sleep  
But crawling slowly he comes to me.  
Crawling slowly he comes to me.  
Standing does he kiss my lips.  
Tell my father, O' dear mother!  
You earned money and cut my throat.  
Forgetful of my life's delight,  
To this old man, he married me

### *Mangal-Geet*

Lay the sandal seat, deck it with pearls and flowers.  
Which god sat on this seat, which goddess sat on this seat!  
Narain sat on this seat, Laxmi sat on this seat,  
No patch of cloud is hovering in the sky.  
Why, then, the Dhauly is muddy to-day!  
Narain began to take His bath  
Laxmi began to take Her bath  
Dhauly is, therefore, muddy to-day  
Lay the sandal seat, deck it with pearls and flowers  
Which god sat on this seat, which goddess sat on this seat!  
Shankar sat on this seat, Gaura sat on this seat.  
No patch of cloud is hovering in the sky,  
Why, then, the Dhauly is muddy to-day?  
Shankar began to take His bath,  
Gauraji began to take Her bath.  
Dhauly' is, therefore, muddy to-day.  
(So on till we hear.)  
Lay the sandal seat, deck it with pearls and flowers  
Which man sits on this seat, which woman sits on this seat.  
Bridegroom sits on this seat, bride sits on this seat  
No patch of cloud is hovering in the sky,  
Why, then, the Dhauly is muddy to-day?  
Bridegroom begins to take his bath,  
Bride begins to take her bath.  
Dhauly is, therefore, muddy to-day.

1. Alakaunda in upper Garhwal is called Dhauly.



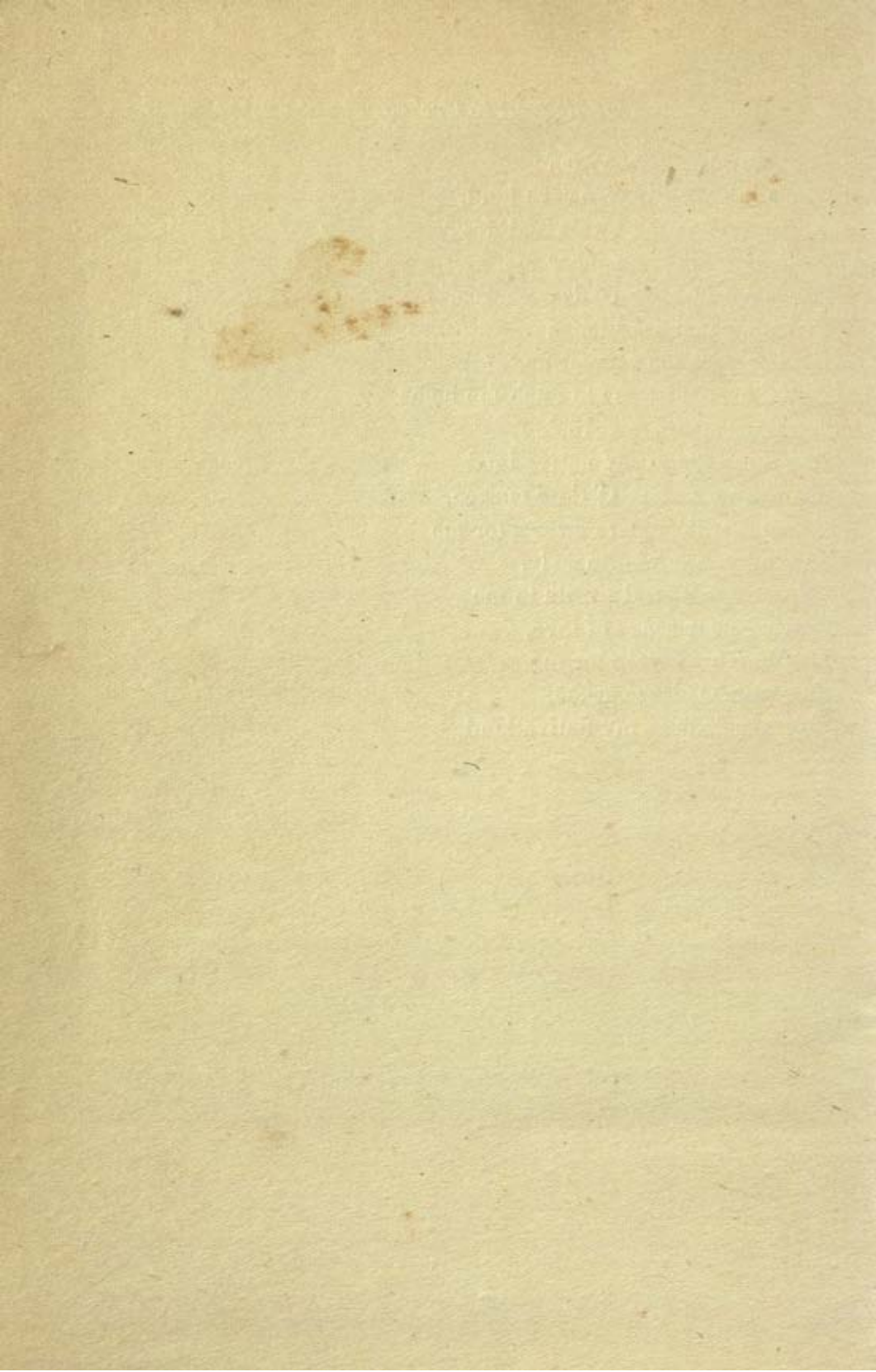
*Mandap-Pheri*

First round is over, she is her father's darling,  
Second round is over, she is her mother's darling,  
Third round is over, she is her uncle's darling  
Fourth round is over, the girl is still a maid,  
Fifth round of the mandap she makes,  
Sixth round of the mandap she makes.  
Seventh round of the mandap she makes,  
Eighth round of the mandap she makes,  
Nineth round of the mandap she makes,  
To-day onwards, your wife, has she become,  
Accept her hand and make her your queen.

*A Request to Cuckoo*

Sing, sing O' dear cuckoo?  
Sing a melody in my native land,  
Hearing your song sweet and gay,  
My mother will remember me.  
Hearing your song O' dear cuckoo,  
My father will send for me.  
Hearing your song sweet and gay  
My brother will come to fetch me home.  
Sing sing O' dear cuckoo!  
Sing a melody in my native land  
Hearing your song O' dear cuckoo,  
My aunt will prepare sweets for me  
Hearing your sweet melody,  
My uncle will send sweets to me  
Hearing your songs of love,  
My Bhavi will weep for me.  
Sing sing, O' dear cuckoo,  
Sing a melody in my native land.





# Ethnographic and Folkculture Society Lucknow, U. P.

## *President*

Sir Sitaram Kt., C.I.E.

## *Vice-President*

Gopinath Srivastava, M.A., LL. B.

## *General Secretary*

D. N. Majumdar, M.A., Ph. D. (Cantab) F.N.I.

## *Assistant Secretary*

D. P. Bahuguna, M.A.

## *Members*

Harish Chandra I.O.S.

L. M. Sen, A.R.C.A.

B. D. Sanwal, I.C.S.

Mukundi Lal, B. A. (Oxon)



# Ethnographic and Folkculture Society (U. P.) Rules and Regulations.

## RULES

1. The Society shall be known as the Ethnographic and Folk Culture Society.

2. The Headquarters of the Society shall be at Lucknow (India).

3. The aims and objects of the Society shall be to collect, compile and publish in the form of bulletins or monographs all the materials relating to the folk culture of these Provinces, songs, folk tales, myths, riddles, folk art, customs, beliefs and law.

(a) To promote scientific research in the fields of ethnography and folk art and culture;

(b) To work in co-operation with other scientific bodies working in similar fields of research.

4. The Society shall consist of Ordinary Members, Life Members and Patrons.

5. Persons contributing Rs. 200/- or more to the Funds of the Society may be elected as Patrons by the Society.

6. Persons desirous of paying an annual subscription of Rs. 5/- may, subject to the rules hereinafter stated, be elected as Ordinary Members of the Society in any meeting of its Executive Council.

7. Ordinary Members may become Life Members at any time by making a single payment of Rs 100/- in addition to any fees paid previous thereto in accordance with the rules stated below but subject to approval by the Executive Council.

8. Ordinary Member and Life Member shall have to pay upon election an admission fee of Re. 1/- besides their dues for subscriptions.

## RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERS.

9. All Ordinary and Life Members of the Society shall be the Members of the General Committee and shall enjoy the following rights and privileges:

(a) To fill any office in the society on being duly elected thereto.

(b) To be present and vote at all meetings and elections.

(c) To receive free of cost such publications of the Society as may be arranged and published by the Council from time to time unless otherwise directed by the Council.

10. Patrons shall receive free of cost all publications of the Society as well as monographs specified above, but shall not enjoy other privileges of Ordinary and Life Members of the



Society but they may be elected Members of Advisory Board as provided by the rules.

### **ELECTIONS OF MEMBERS.**

11. Candidates for election as Ordinary or Life Members shall be proposed by one and seconded by another Ordinary Member of the Society. Such proposal or proposals shall be put before the Council at their meeting following the date of proposal received by the General Secretary for election and candidates receiving support from the majority of the Members of the Council present and participating in the voting shall be declared duly elected. In case of equality of votes either for or against the proposal the President of the meeting shall have the casting or second vote. Upon election of any person as an Ordinary or a Life Member his name shall be published for general information. The Council may reject any proposal for membership without assigning any reason.

12. A person so elected shall be declared to be duly admitted as an Ordinary Member on payment of the admission fee of Re. 1/- and at least the first half yearly instalment of Rs. 2-8-0 of his annual subscription within one calendar month from the date of his election.

13. No person whose name has once been proposed and not accepted for Ordinary Membership shall be eligible for election as a Member again until the expiry of six months from the date of such rejection.

14. The official year of the Society shall be from January 1st to December 31st of each year.

### **QUALIFICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP**

15. Persons interested in the Folk Culture of the Province or those who have done research in cultural subjects or intend doing so shall be eligible for election as a member of the Society; and such persons belonging to the medical, legal, demographical, anthropological, statistical and other allied fields of research shall be eligible for membership of the Society if duly elected under the rules enumerated for the purpose.

### **THE SOCIETY AND MANAGEMENT**

16. The affairs and properties of the Society shall be administered, directed and controlled, subject to the rules and decisions of the Society, by its Council, which shall consist of office bearers such as one President, two Vice-Presidents, one General Secretary, one Treasurer and four other non-official members elected from amongst the Life Members and Ordinary Members at the Annual General Meeting of the Society.

17. The General Secretary (who shall ordinarily be resident in Lucknow) shall be nominated by the Council and whose nomination shall be placed for confirmation at the next General Meeting of the Society following the nomination.



18. There shall be one Treasurer (resident in Lucknow) who shall be nominated by the Council and whose nomination shall be placed for confirmation at the next General Meeting of the Society following the nomination.

19. There shall be two Joint Secretaries whose duties would be partly derivative and partly determined by the Council from time to time,

20. The term of the office of the General Secretary and of the Treasurer shall be for a period of three years following the confirmation of the appointment and they shall be eligible for re-appointment.

21. There shall be one President and two Vice-Presidents who shall be nominated by the Council and whose nomination shall be placed for confirmation at the next General Meeting of the Society following nomination.

22. The term of the office of the President and of the Vice-Presidents shall be for one year and they shall be eligible for re-appointment.

23. The members of the Council other than the office-bearers shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting by ballot and for the purpose of this election any Ordinary or Life Member may propose the name of any other Ordinary or Life Member for such election, which must be seconded by another Ordinary or Life Member. The proposal must reach the General Secretary at Headquarters of the Society before the 15th of September immediately preceding the year, for which the Council is to be elected. The General Secretary of the Council shall circulate those names, together with such other names, not exceeding three, as it may suggest for the purpose of proper regional representation, to all Ordinary and Life Members for election by ballot. The ballot papers will be scrutinized by the President, the Vice-Presidents and the General Secretary, and the results of the ballot will be announced at the Meeting of the General Committee.

24. In the event of a vacancy occurring within a year amongst the office-bearers of the Society (i. e., President, Vice-President, General Secretary and the Treasurer) the Council shall have power to fill up such vacancy for the period up to the termination of the next annual meeting of the Society.

25. The Council shall have full power to transact all business in cases of emergency, notwithstanding any limitations herein laid down in the rules, and to deal with all matters not otherwise provided for in these rules including making of such regulations as may appear conducive to the good administration of the Society and the attainment of its objects; provided always that such regulations be not inconsistent with anything contained in these rules and that they are placed before the General Committee at its next meeting for its approval and the General Committee shall have the power either to approve, rescind or alter them as it will think fit.

26. The Council shall be responsible for getting the account of the Society audited once a year by an auditor



elected by the General Committee at the annual meeting, who shall not hold any office in the Society, and who may or may not be an Ordinary Member or Life Member of the Society. The audited accounts together with any remark made by the Council shall have to be placed before the General Meeting for adoption.

27. The Council shall be competent to make necessary contract on behalf of the Society through its General Secretary with any private person or persons for some book or books which may be published by the Society out of its fund or of some other private fund.

28. The society shall sue and be sued in the name of the General Secretary.

29. The admission fees collected shall be credited to the Reserve Fund of the Society. Any other sum or sums may be available from time to time may also be credited, if decided so by the Council, to the Reserve Fund of the Society. All funds shall be held in the name of the Society and shall be operated upon by the Treasurer of the Society.

### AMENDMENTS OF RULES.

30. Additions to and alterations in the existing rules of the Society shall only be made by the General Committee at their annual meeting.

31. (a) Proposals for additions and alterations in the existing rules may be made by the Council without previous notice.

(b) Proposal for additions and alterations in the existing rules may be made by any Ordinary or Life Member of the Society and the proposal after it has been seconded by another member shall be sent to the General Secretary so as to reach him two full months before the annual meeting of the General Committee in which they will ordinarily be moved.

Such proposals shall be circulated to the members at least one full month before the Annual General Meeting.

Any amendments to such proposals shall reach the General Secretary after having been duly seconded at least a fortnight before the Annual General Meeting.

(c) All proposals together with any amendment shall be brought up before the Annual General Meeting together with any remarks of the Council and shall be declared carried if accepted by a majority of the constituent members present and voting at the meeting.

### MEETINGS.

32. The President or in his absence any one of the Vice-Presidents will preside at the meetings of the Society and of the Council unless otherwise decided at any particular meeting. In case both the President and the Vice-Presidents are absent the members attending the meeting will elect a Chairman for the occasion.



33. The General Secretary will be responsible for all general administrative functions of the Society including convening of meeting, keeping proper records, and circulating the minutes to the members.

34. The Treasurer will be responsible for collection and custody of all moneys payable to the Society and also for payments made out of the funds of the Society when sanctioned by the Council.

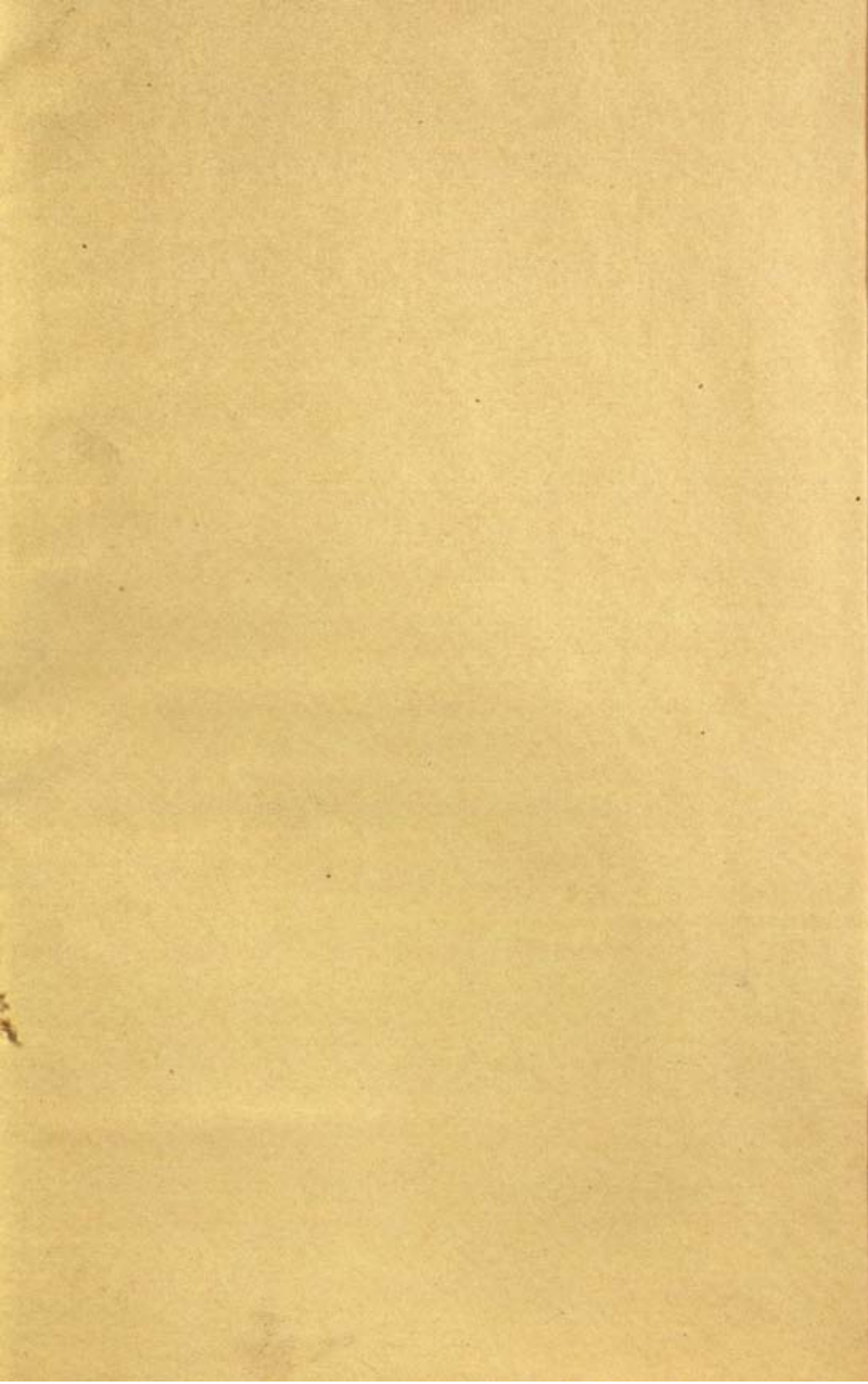
35. Ordinarily the Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held some time in January every year. In that meeting accounts of the last preceding year and budgets of the ensuing year will be considered and adopted amongst other business. If necessary any amount may be withdrawn from the reserve fund for expenditure provided in the budget. No expenditure of money belonging to the Society shall be incurred unless the same is provided in the sanction budget or in cases of emergency or unforeseen circumstances such expenditure is sanctioned by the Council.

36. In cases of emergency, extraordinary meeting of the General Committee may be called by the Council.

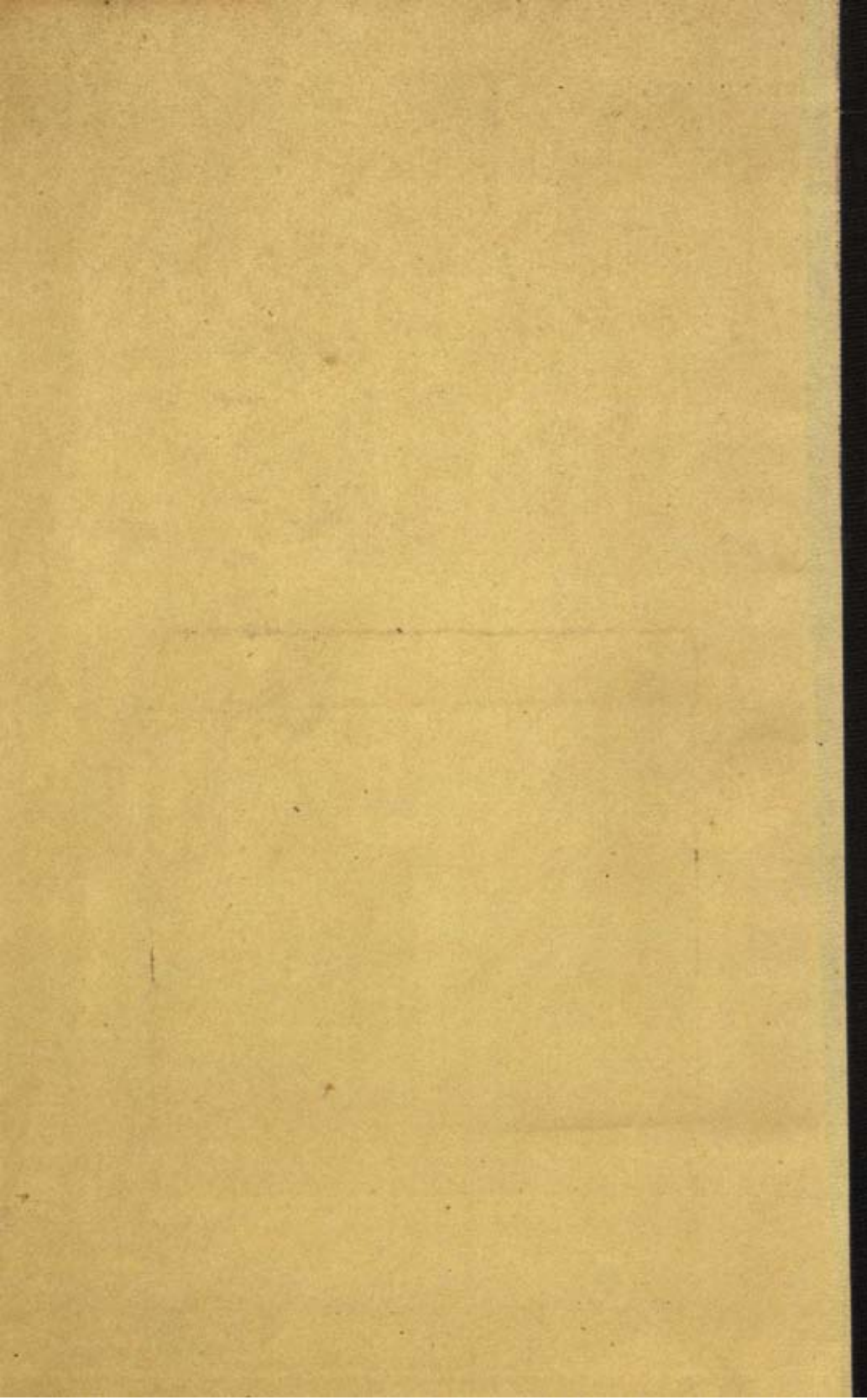
37. Any member of the Society may requisition extra—ordinary meeting of the General Committee through the Executive Council provided that the Council are in agreement with the cause or causes of such requisition.

38. At least 15 days' notice to all Ordinary or life Members of the Society will be necessary for the meeting of the General Committee—annual or requisitioned.









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